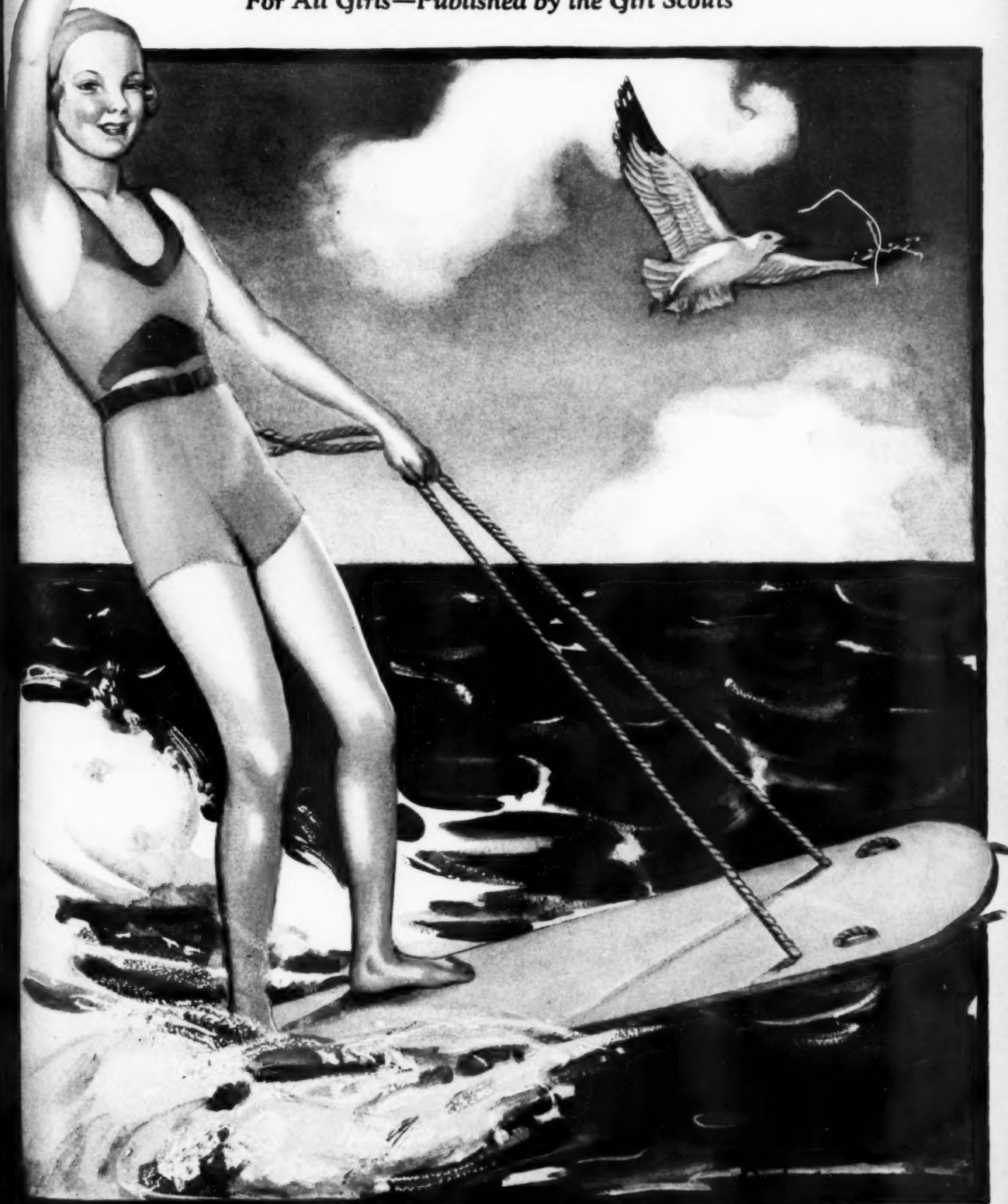


15¢ a copy

# The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts



SARAH PALFREY *Writes on Tennis*

AUGUST, 1934

# Girl Scout Troops Raise \$15,000

**YOUR opportunity to raise \$5.00, or \$10.00, or more  
for YOURSELF, or YOUR TROOP**

**Y**OU can raise—right away—\$5.00, \$10.00, or even more for your official new GIRL SCOUT equipment, for registrations, for the things your troop wants to do. Last year hundreds of troop

leaders and members successfully used this proven plan, and easily and quickly raised even more money than they thought possible. You and your troop can do the same.

## **THE AMERICAN GIRL—WHITE'S QUAIN'T SHOP PLAN** obtains needed funds easily, and offers pleasant surprise

### **The White's Quaint Shop Plan**

The White family (Mr. and Mrs. White, their sons, Arthur and Jim, and their daughter, Helen), quiet, unassuming and friendly, have developed their friendliness for people into a profitable Christmas Card business at the Quaint Shop without losing their own "folksy" charm. The Whites like people, and people like them. Mrs. Robert Clireburgh, Westhampton Beach, Long Island, tells the whole story when she writes to White's Quaint Shop, "You certainly have been fine people to deal with."

### **Seventy Boxes Quickly Sold**

Last year Leone Fern Gobel, Captain Troop 3, Leonia, New Jersey, reported that the troop had sold 70 boxes of Quaint Shop Christmas Cards, and planned to use the money for Thanksgiving, and for community service charity work. She writes, "The girls say everyone thinks the White's Quaint Shop cards are the best selection ever seen, and the price reasonable for the quality."

### **New 1934 Assortment**

Up in the beautiful Berkshire foothills of old New England is a group of artists and designers, the Quaint Shop Folks in Westfield, Massachusetts, who each year originate and publish the most lovely of Christmas Greeting Cards.

Their new 1934 CANDLE-LIGHT BOX ASSORTMENT is delightful. Attractive modern papers, charming designs, cheerful coloring, tasteful envelopes to match. Distinctly different!

Every girl and woman uses Christmas Cards and likes Quality Cards with cheery friendly verses. It is only necessary to show Quaint Shop cards, as hundreds of Girl Scout Troops did last year. And every box sold puts money in your troop treasury, and brings you a pleasant surprise besides.

### **Time to Start—Now**

If you want to know about this successful money-raising plan, show this to your Leader, and ask her to write White's Quaint Shop, Dept. A.G., Westfield, Mass., for complete information. Better do it today!

### **The American Girl Joins**

In addition to raising over \$15,000, the Girl Scout Troops using this White's Quaint Shop Plan last year received over 5,000 subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL as part of their reward.

### **Kansas Troop Finds It Easy**

Margaret Gray, Lieutenant Troop 1, Independence, Kansas, reports that the troop sold 90 boxes of Christmas Cards. She continues:—"Five of our Girl Scouts sold 10 boxes by themselves. We found it easy to sell the cards although two women's groups were competing with us, but we have had much more success. We are looking forward to a year of pleasure in reading our AMERICAN GIRL magazines."

Miss Dorothy Pannevis writes from Long Island, N. Y., "I just received my first copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL. I sold 10 boxes of Christmas cards, and am a Girl Scout in Troop 94, Mineola."

### **No Encouragement Needed**

THE AMERICAN GIRL, wishing to be as helpful as possible, sent out an explanatory letter last year; and we quote a typical reply which comes from Eleanor F. Woodfill, Uniontown, Pa.

*"Thanks for your very encouraging letter—but you are not talking to us, as we have already sold 50 boxes of cards, and expect to sell at least 10 more. They are very beautiful, and we are enjoying helping others to them."*

Anna I. Kaltenbrunn, Captain, reported the sale of enough boxes to raise \$30.00, and continues:—"We thank you for this opportunity through White's Quaint Shop, of being able to place eight subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL in our Troop at Woodside, N. Y. I enjoy the magazine as much as the girls, and look forward to receiving mine each month. Also many thanks for being able to add to our troop treasury at the same time we are benefiting by your wonderful magazine."

### **Your Troop Can Do It, Too**

This effective way of raising money has been enthusiastically endorsed by those who actually adopted the plan last year, and profited by it. Many Leaders have already announced their desire to "do it again" this year, and we are anxious that every Girl Scout Troop should have the same opportunity.

**Be Sure To Have Your LEADER Write for Details. Address  
WHITE'S QUAIN'T SHOP, Dept. A. G., WESTFIELD, MASS.  
Do It Today!**

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE



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*From the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Wendell T. Bush*

*Photograph by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum, New York City*

AMERICAN GIRLS IN ART SERIES

NUMBER NINE

THE SISTERS

*Painted by Arthur B. Davies*



# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

AUGUST • 1934

## A Life on the Ocean Wave

*A true account of family life aboard a Yankee Windjammer*

By ANNE FRANCES HODGKINS

A PRIVATE school for boys recently conducted an unusual contest. Every pupil was asked to write an essay on *My Father*. The fathers were invited to listen to the boys read their essays, and to decide which one was best. Some fathers straightened with pride as they listened, others looked guilty and disturbed. The best essays had in them this refrain, "I love my father because he plays with me." If you were asked to write about your father, would that refrain be in your essay? It would be in mine. My father played with me, and looking back over the years, the dearest memories I have are of those wonderful hours when Father played with me.

We were lucky children for our father was a sea captain and commanded a barque, the *Ethel*, which plied between the "down-east provinces" and South American ports. My mother was no soft creature, but a courageous soul who dared to take three little children and set sail with her husband on voyages which lasted for several months. Sometimes, for sixty days on end, we would be out of contact with other human beings, and away from the sight of land.

The ship was a marvelous playground for children. No day was ever too long. There were lessons in the morning, simple household duties, and the fun of following the sailors from task to task, washing down decks, mending the huge sails, polishing brass, or learning very young to box the compass, and tie sailor's knots. For several years we lived on the sea until we reached the age where school became imperative, then we stayed home in the winter and spent our summers at sea. Father did everything to encourage us to sail with him, and as soon

as school was out, we'd pack our bags and off we'd go "to join the ship." Then would follow weeks of glorious adventure for us.

With a steward to do the cooking, household tasks were light and whenever those in our five-roomed cabin were completed, we'd hie to the galley and beg the steward for a story. He was always ready for us, and we would wash the dishes in exchange. He'd perch up on a high stool beside the red-hot stove, light his big black pipe, and regale us with wild tales of pirates bold, mutinies aboard ship, and storms at sea so bad they washed the stove out of the galley window. Stories done and dishes washed, we would scamper back to the after cabin. The equation read something like this: one sea story, plus one pipe full of strong tobacco, equals one large pile of very dirty dishes. I think now that the steward got the best of the bargain, but I'd wash a lot of dishes today for the thrill we got from those wild yarns.

EVERY hour had its attraction, and every kind of day was equally pleasant to us children. We loved the storms—and what storms we did have! I can see the ship now, as we looked at her from the poop deck, her bows under the waves, her decks awash with tons of water. Sometimes, she'd go down so far, you would wonder if she would ever rise again, but after what seemed a long, long time she'd stagger up, and once again ride out the storm.

It was a disgrace to be seasick and so, on days when it looked as if the ship would do more than a fair amount of rolling, we would fill our pockets with hard-

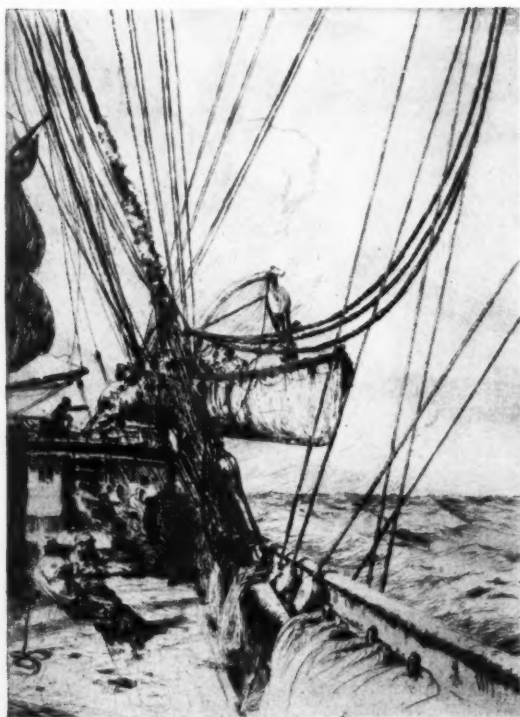


Photo by R. I. Nesmith and Associates  
MURAL OF THE "M.P. GRACE," FAMOUS OLD WINDJAMMER, PAINTED BY CHARLES R. PATTERSON FOR THE LINER "SANTA ROSA"

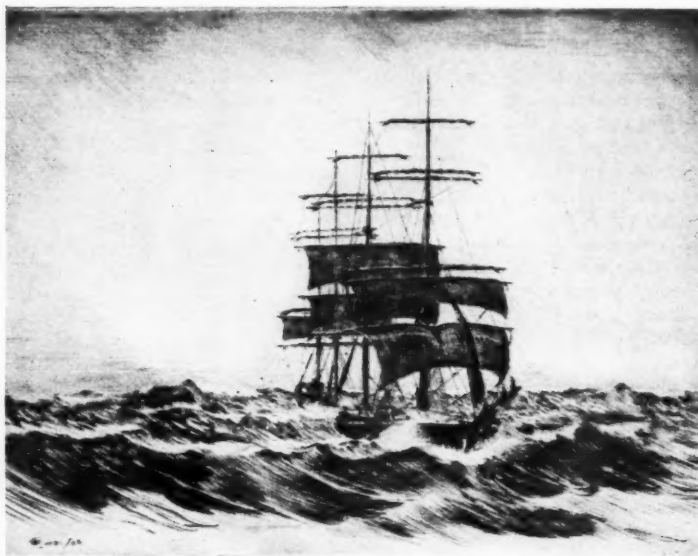
tack and dry salt fish—"Cape Cod turkey" it was known as at sea—climb up on top of the after cabin, tie ourselves with a long rope to the mast, and watch out the storm. On such days, the steward was relieved of cooking for three healthy appetites. The next time you hear "landlubbers" complain of a storm on land which interferes with a mere party, I wish you would remind them of the people who "go down to the sea in ships." It's a queer sensation, never greatly appreciated at the time, not to be sure at what second you're going to meet Davy Jones in his picturesque but permanent locker.

The last trip I made with Father, we came on to the Maine coast in a howling nor'easter. The sleet and rain cut visibility to a few rods, and the man on lookout had great difficulty seeing ahead. The Ram Island light at the entrance to Portland harbor is the beacon one seeks eagerly. I recall the dramatic tension with which we peered fearfully through the inky blackness, watching for its guiding rays. Red meant the rocks. A prayer of thankfulness went up from all aboard as the light tower flashed a white gleam on the angry waters, and we dropped anchor in

"MAN OVERBOARD,"  
AN ETCHING BY  
ARTHUR BRISCOE



*All etchings courtesy of  
Kennedy & Co., New York*



"THE GALE," AN ETCHING  
BY F. L. OWEN

a safe harbor. The time of day we enjoyed most was at "dogwatch," the hours between four and six. Quite often the wind would fall at this time with the

setting sun, and there would be no need for the sailor at the wheel, so we would give him a breathing spell, make fast the wheel—giving it only an occasional turn to keep on the course—and the family would gather for the "children's hour." The light (?) tea consisted of pickles, sardines, saltines, olives, nuts and tea, or lemonade, depending on the temperature, and after we had consumed an amazing amount of food, the impromptu entertainment would begin. We would tell Father jokes, stories, pieces learned at school, or we would sing songs. Then it was Father's turn to tell us about when he was a boy, how he went poggy fishing in an old sea chest, or how the *Wolverine*, Grandfather's

new ship, went ashore on the Virginia coast one bitter cold January night, and it took several men to take Grandfather bodily off the vessel, so determined was he to remain true to the law of the sea and go down with his ship. Then there was the tale we never tired of hearing, about the bloodthirsty old captain who, a gun in each hand, held

the river pirates under the wharf until the tide came up and drowned them.

It was at the dogwatch we used to see huge schools of whales. I can remember looking out to the horizon and seeing hundreds of miniature waterspouts where the whales came up to breathe. It was exciting when they came right alongside, and bumped against the ship. When she was in ballast, the reverberations of those whacks made one say a little prayer of thankfulness for the Maine carpenters who built those ships for service.

FOUR bells would strike, and we'd go below to eat a huge supper of hash, "salt horse," rice and curry, or, on rare occasions, a salad. I recall being always hungry; maybe it was the salt air, maybe it was just the usual appetite of a growing girl. We, being the Captain's children, ate at the first table. At the second table, the first and second mates and the engineer had their meals.

There was no fooling aboard my father's ship, no mingling with the crew; the quarter-deck kept its place. Occasionally we played pranks on the officers if they happened to be men from our part of the country, as frequently happened in the days of sailing ships when good American men followed the sea. Our favorite sport was putting salt in their tobacco, if we chanced to find the box lying around, and then watching the mates sputter as the crackling salt spoiled their smoke.

After supper, Father would stay on watch until night closed in, and if it was clear and no fog in sight, he would leave the mate on duty and come below for a romp with us.

We would open all the doors between the rooms, and then the games would start. Tag, blindman's buff, hide and seek, cat and rat, "hot oven," or just plain rough-house. I wonder what the sailors at the wheel thought about the noise. One night I caught a glimpse of the mate looking wistfully through the skylight, perhaps wishing that stern duty did not prevent him from taking part in the fun. The romp over, we'd gather round the piano, a great luxury on a sailing ship, and sing a few songs before retiring. Our favorite was *There Were Ninety and Nine*. I can never sing it even now, without recalling the disorderly cabin, the happy little group around the piano, and my father's dear deep bass voice.

Our favorite sport was swimming. We had a grand chance with the whole ocean for a pool. On calm days, a sailor would let down the bos'n chair, or lower the small boat, and we'd dive in. Our only fear was an occasional shark, which are found all up and down the Atlantic seaboard. We'd place someone on watch, and then swim around to our hearts' content. We were never bothered, but every time we took our little black water spaniel with us, invariably on the crest of a wave would appear Mr. Shark's old black fin, and there would be a great hurry to get aboard.

One summer we had a real experience. There was a long-shore strike and no sailors were to be had. My father's ship, which was then a schooner, the *Martha P. Small*, was lying at Perth Amboy waiting for a crew. My father spent several days



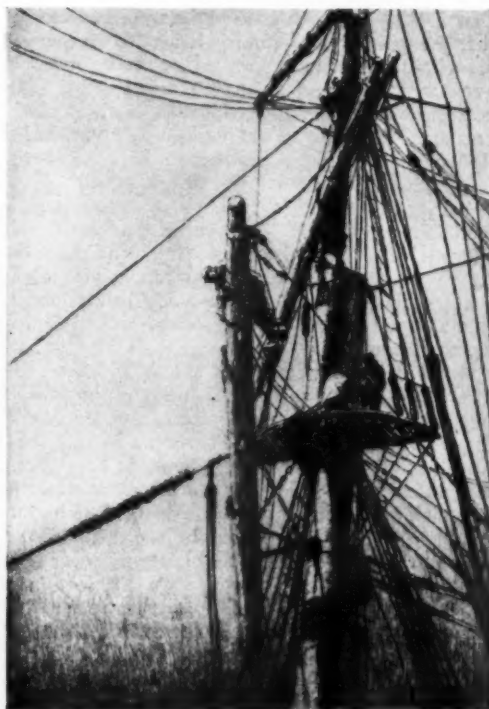
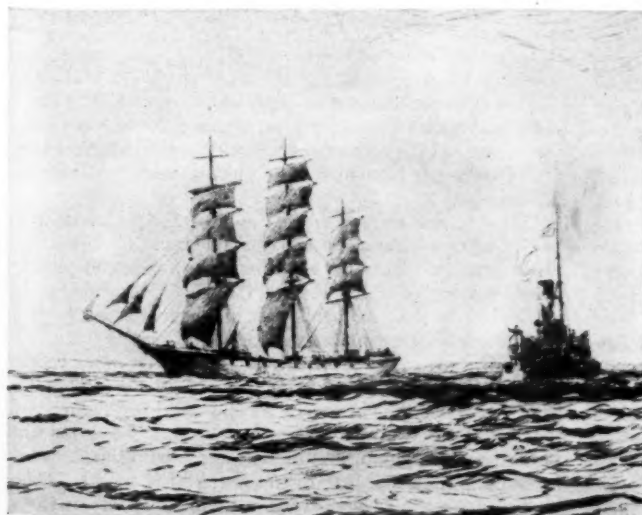
"START OF THE AUSTRALIAN WHEAT RACE," BY F. L. OWEN

and thirty hours of work on sailing ships! It was fun, except that we never got fair wind. Some days we sailed two hundred miles with a spanking breeze only to find, when we read the log and took the sun, that we'd gone only twenty miles on our course.

We lived in hourly fear of a sudden storm, and whenever suspicious-looking clouds no bigger than a man's hand would appear on the horizon, the (Continued on page 45)

ARTHUR BRISCOE, IN  
"REFITTING," SHOWS  
THE INTRICACY  
OF THE CLIPPER RIGGING

"A DEEP-WATER-MAN,"  
NORMAN WILKINSON



trying to get one, and then one hot summer night he announced to us all that the next day we would sail at sunrise.

"Where did you get a crew?" asked my mother.

"I didn't," replied my father. "I can't break the strike, but we've got a crew right here—you three children and the steward's wife will be the crew. With three officers aboard, we'll get by."

My mother thought that the heat had affected him, but she said nothing.

Sure enough, next morning at daybreak, the tugboat towed us down the Narrows, the sails were hoisted, and off we went. For fifteen days, we beat every inch of the way. We took our turns, four hours at the wheel, four hours below, four hours on watch, like able-bodied seamen. This was repeated day after day—no "NRA"



# The Witch Stick

*What would you do, if the well ran dry and some one offered to find water with a witch-hazel rod?*

By MILDRED CRISS



PATSY

Illustrations  
by  
Henrietta  
McCaig  
Starrett

**H**AUTE-SAVOIE, that usually cool department of France, blistered under the August sun. The shadowed waters of Lake Annecy were powerless to cool the shore. To make matters worse, at the Villa Clemène—which the American, James Wellington, recently had purchased in order that his motherless daughter Patsy might spend her summers in an old-fashioned French atmosphere—the well had run dry. There was only the lake water, which had to be carted a long way and boiled before it could be used even for cooking. Day after day, in the grounds of the villa, local engineers drilled for water, the incessant reverberation of the drills adding to the discomfort of the intense heat.

Mr. Wellington had gone to Aix-les-Bains on business, and had left his daughter with her governess, Mademoiselle de Ramotte, a timid little French lady, who spent her days in bewilderment over the doings of her energetic young charge. Patsy had been allowed the same freedom in Europe that she had at home—and it is not the custom in France for girls in their 'teens even to go about alone. So, when Patsy went about her business as usual in her father's absence, she had a guilty feeling that she was causing concern to her governess. It was plain enough that Mademoiselle de Ramotte, for all her gentleness, found the young American's untrammelled freedom a little shocking.

To say that the girl was lonely is putting it mildly. She had no companion of her own age, and Mademoiselle de Ramotte's idea of a pleasant way to spend the time was to sit on the terrace, or in the garden, talking about Saint François de Sales, and Madame de Chantal, and plagues, fires and pestilences that used to rage in Annecy in the Sixteenth Century.

What heat! What a racket the drills made! Restlessly, Patsy wandered around the gardens, wishing she were back in America. "If I don't find something to do, and someone to do it with, pretty soon, I'll simply burst!" she said to herself, with what her governess would have considered a vulgar Americanism. Presently, in desperation, she made up her mind, heat or no heat, to ride her bicycle into the town of Annecy. Perhaps it would be cooler up at the Castle which frowned down upon the clustered houses, canals, and winding streets at its feet.

While Patsy indulged in this rebellion, a peasant girl about her own age rested her horse by the entrance to the Villa Clemène, in the shadow of the old stone wall, green with moss and ivy vines. The cart she rode in was a curious, two-wheeled wicker affair; the horse was a huge raw-boned animal.

The girl, Albertine Brumet, had dark eyes and a piquant pointed face. Through the driveway of the villa, she could see broad vistas of lawn and garden, and wooded hill. There was a glimpse of the lake, too, heat waves pulsing above the smooth surface of the water. She hoped she might catch sight of the American girl wandering about the garden.

Albertine's old horse, Blondin, stood motionless, hanging his heavy head. The girl leaned against the basket cart, listening to the racket the engineers were making with their drills. As she stood there in the shadow of the wall, two of the men came sauntering down the driveway. They were talking together, and Albertine heard what they were saying.

"The American is good for two weeks anyway. He will never find out that we drill and drill where we know there is no water."

The other laughed. "We could drill to the center of the earth without finding water, in the place we are working now."

His companion joined in his mirth. "So long as the American goes on paying us, we care nothing for that," he said. "Our business, my friend, is to keep on drilling."

They passed on, without noticing Albertine. She listened with disgust. These unscrupulous men were cheating the Americans, making them pay ten times what they should for finding water. Everybody in the village thought it clever to cheat the rich Americans, she reflected. She herself liked Americans, and she hated to have them robbed. But it was impossible to tell them without incurring the enmity of the engineers, who were profiting so largely by the fraud.

**A**T that moment, Patsy came wheeling down the driveway toward the main road. She went so fast that she did not notice Albertine or the cart.

The lively American girl fascinated Albertine. She followed the flying white figure with a hint of wistfulness in her vivacious dark eyes. When Patsy was out of sight, the French girl clucked to her old horse and started down to the town.

Meantime Patsy had dismounted, and was pushing her wheel up the steep winding streets to the castle. At the top, she stood in the shadow of high walls embedded in rocky cliffs, and gazed up at the great square towers, wondering which one hid the oubliette, or pit of forgetting, where long ago Dukes of Nemours had thrown their troublesome prisoners.

"Ugh! Gives me the creeps! Bones! Ghosts! Goodness knows what is lying about all over the place! I wouldn't go inside without Father for anything! No wonder Somebody-or-Other's young wife ran away from her husband, if he insisted upon keeping her locked up in that place!"

As Patsy wandered along beside those gloomy walls, she suddenly came to a narrow incline that looked like a toboggan slide. It descended, snake-fashion, to the town. She peered down at the clusters of ancient buildings below. Annecy, with its winding stairways connecting streets on different levels, its mysterious tunnels and picturesque arcades, lay suffocating at the base of the castle. Most of the inhabitants, Patsy noticed, were lying in their doorways, or along



the stone embankments above the canals, or on the grass under the thirsty trees in the public gardens.

"What a place!" she muttered. "Heat! Nothing to do! And no one to do it with, if anything *should* turn up!"

Whether or not she meant to ride down that narrow incline, or whether she planned only to amuse herself with the idea, Patsy never knew. She mounted her bicycle. The hill decided! Before she could catch her breath she was under way, plunging down the perilous ramp.

Her hair flew out straight behind her. Her white linen tennis skirt filled with wind, like a mainsail in a gale. Oh, for a good, safe, American coaster-brake!

With all the strength in her right hand, she gripped the lever on the handle-bar. The fragile brake gave a rusty squeak. Sparks flew from the front tire. There was no effect upon the terrific speed of her descent.

Skillfully Patsy freed her foot from the whirling pedal, clamped her rubber sole on the tire. But even this did not stop her. The ramp had its way. It rushed her, hurtled her, down to the town.

If only she might have stopped at the bottom of the

ramp. But no! On she raced, over the bridge spanning the Canal du Thiou. Tourists, standing there at the ancient island prison, gazed, wide-eyed, open-mouthed, at the flying white figure.

FULL speed she came to the opposite side of the canal. There, thundering along the narrow roadway on the embankment, was an autobus, a large one that plies between Annecy and Chamonix. There was no room to pass.

What to do? Plunge into the autobus? Crash through the iron rail along the embankment? Grim alternatives.

No, there was another way! Some ten feet in front of her Patsy saw steps, wide stone steps leading from the roadway down to the water. It was a wild chance. She took it.

At the bottom of the steps, along the edge of the canal, round-backed washerwomen knelt on slabs of stone, washing clothes in the waters of the Thiou.

Down the steps rode Patsy, not a moment too soon. The cumbersome autobus sped past along the narrow roadway.

Down the steps! Past the astonished washerwomen who lifted their heads, turtle-fashion, to gape at the apparition



DOWN THE STEPS RODE PATSY, NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON TO ESCAPE THE BUS, PLUNGING WITH A SPLASH INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE CANAL

flying past. Then, with a tremendous splash, the hurtling white figure disappeared into the depths of the canal.

A crowd appeared as if by magic along the embankment. There were screams, exclamations. People ran here, there, shouting, gesticulating.

Suddenly Patsy's head appeared in the water. "I'm all right," she cried in excellent French. She was treading water, bobbing her head above the foamy depths of the canal. Then she struck out for shore.

The first to help her drag herself from the water was Albertine. "Any but an American would have been killed," said Albertine calmly. "I watched you come from the top of the ramp. It was wonderful. Ah! How I love the Americans!"

"Thanks a lot! I don't think I meant to come down. But it was fun!" Patsy was shaking the water from her hair, wringing her skirts. "First time I've been cool, or had any fun since I came to An-necy."

The crowd began to murmur, "Imagine that! She liked it! An American, you might know!"

I HAVE my horse and cart around the corner," Albertine was saying. "If you would care to have me, I could drive you home. Villa Clemène, isn't it?"

"Yes, but how on earth did you know?"

Albertine smiled. "I have watched you from a distance ever since you came. I am sorry that you are having so much trouble about water."

"Thanks for being interested. There's nothing to do, I guess, except let those drills keep on drilling. They'll either find water, or bore through to the other side of the earth. Do you suppose there's any chance of rescuing my bicycle?"

"Non, Mais non!" warned Albertine. "The canal is deep—far too deep to raise the bicycle."

Patsy slipped her arm through that of her new friend, and they walked together toward Albertine's cart. "Am I getting you wet? Sorry, I hadn't thought. There, perhaps we'd better not link arms. Is this your horse? What a dear old fellow! What's his name?"

"Blondin," Albertine said.

"And what's your name? You haven't told me yet."

"Albertine Brumet."

Dusk had fallen. The French girl was lighting a candle in the small paper lantern that swung between the back wheels of the old cart. "If you are quite ready, Mlle. Patzee, we should be starting. My candle is low. The law, it is strict about vehicles without lights after dark."

"Don't call me 'Mademoiselle.' Just Patsy. Please."

"But—"

"There's no but about it. I want to be friends. You don't know how lonely I am at the villa." Patsy told the French girl how homesick she was, with her father away.

The two stood together at the front of the odd-shaped basket cart, as it rumbled along the lake road. Evening was no cooler than the day had been. Dimly through the haze that had come upon the lake, hundreds of paper lanterns flickered on the bows of slow-moving rowboats as they drifted about.

Albertine said little until she stopped Blondin at the front door of the Villa Clemène. Then turning her dark eyes toward Patsy, she spoke. "If you will let me, I can find water for you with a divining-rod, a witch stick. My papa is a dowser. Do you know what that is? It is somebody who has strange power with a stick cut from a witch-hazel bush. The stick is magic in the hands of such a person. When a hidden spring or vein of water is near, the hazel switch points to the ground. My papa has this power. And I, too, have the same power that my papa has."

"What on earth are you talking about?" cried Patsy.

Albertine explained. "I can find a spring at the Villa Clemène, but I must work when the engineers are not there. The witch stick will tell me where the water is. But you must promise not to tell anybody about it."

"You don't mean to say," cried Patsy, "that that old notion—yes, I've heard it, too—about some people being able to locate water with a divining-rod, is true? I always thought it was just a superstition."

"My papa's business—" began Albertine, but Patsy stopped her with an impulsive apology.

"Sorry," she said. "I'm afraid I was rude. Do find a spring for us, please, Albertine. It would be terribly exciting to find it with a witch stick."

"Very well," agreed Albertine. "I will find it for you tonight. When the moon is risen, I will come. But you will not tell anybody, will you, Patzee?"

"I'll not tell a soul, cross my heart!" cried the American girl.

"Listen! My governess is a sleepy old dear. She'll be sound asleep by ten. Then I'll slip out, meet you in the garden, and we'll have a moonlight hunt for water. I'll bring my flashlight along, too. Why don't you let Blondin loose? He could browse in the fields."

At the mention of his name, the old horse turned his head around the point of the shaft as much as to say, "I suppose you don't know it, because you're an American, but this is the hour when I wade in the lake with all the other respectable horses of the town. Please do not keep me here any longer."

"I will go now and look for a witch-hazel bush from which to cut a twig," Albertine whispered. "I will be here, waiting for you when the moon rises."

By ten o'clock Mademoiselle de Ramotte had retired, as Patsy had anticipated, and the moon bathed the silent terraces, garden, fields and wooded (Continued on page 32)



"IF THE POINT OF THE STICK PITCHES FORWARD, WE SHALL BE NEAR WATER," SHE SAID



# Rock Pool

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN



*Of course the youngest member of the family always gets the smallest piece of the ocean, but it may hold rare treasures*

WHEN I was elbow-high to a man, I had a house of my own, with a real carpet on the floor and a window I could look out of—if I lay down on one side and put my eye up to it. It wasn't nearly as fine a playhouse as my brother's, or my sister's. But they came before me in age, and I had to take what was given me. Even so, I thought the world of that house. It had a real knob on the door, which I got off a bureau drawer. And it had shingles on it, and a flagpole.

But that particular playhouse didn't hold a candle to the one I had down on the shore of our farm, where the tide came up over the rocks. Down there I had a house that was a small edition of the ocean, and I kept my best treasures in it and counted them under water, or sailed them over it.

There were two other rock pools there. They were both bigger and better and deeper than mine. But, of course, Miriam and Ansel had staked a claim to those. I had to take the smallest one, as usual. And the tide came first into mine and upset all my housekeeping. We children came in threes in my family, and I was the smallest in my batch. So I got the smallest piece of the ocean. Life is often like that.

I made the most of what I had, though. I upholstered the floor of my house of crystal with sea moss, and set out forests of marsh rosemary along the shores. I even had an island or two made of white stones I had picked up, and one of them had a lighthouse on it. The lighthouse was really a sarsaparilla bottle set nose down, but it was a lot like a real one if you didn't look at it too closely. I had harbors, too, and wharves, and a bridge made out of flat stones.

I had one of almost every fish in the ocean, of the smaller sizes, in that pool of mine. Hermit crabs I went in for especially. The bottom of the pool was a city of houses of every size and make, white and gray and green, and the houses moved along under their own power, and changed their streets whenever they felt like it. If I left them alone, I would see a little pair of eyes on sticks come

out from under the eaves, then the big claws, then the little, and away the house would bounce. I watched my chance, made a snatch, and pulled some of my tenants right out of their lodgings. Then I watched them struggle with others over one or two empty shells I had put in. A big banker of a fellow would try to wedge himself into a house that was sized for a little dry-goods clerk, and then would back away in injured dignity.

Then I had "mummie-chubs" for whales, and sticklebacks for sharks. I caught the "mummie-chubs" in my hands at high water, and kept them in jars until my pool was ready for them. I could get plenty of shrimps at low tide. They were my lobsters. I even had a pipefish for a sea serpent. He looked and felt the part. For my octopuses, I got small starfish. Their legs didn't count up right, but that didn't bother me.

Part of the pleasure of my house was that my bare feet could enjoy themselves while I did. I had them right in among my live playthings, and I felt the ones that had fins on them bump against my toes. The "mummie-chubs" bumped me like little ships in the dark. But the hermit crabs tickled just my toes. I had a few rock crabs, but only the baby ones, for the grown-ups could take quite a good nip out of me when I ran into them in my management of my ocean.

*Decorations  
by the author*

Every kind of ship sailed around my feet. I had pirate craft, which were the narrow, fluted mussel shells, and big ocean liners made of the huge pink mussels that came as anchors on the ribbons of kelp. Clam shells were ferries, and carried loads of small shells and pebbles. It took a steady hand to set these heavier-than-water boats on the surface of the pool without sinking them. But I could do it, and sent them off with the water heaped up along their edges. My sea was swarming with navies. Among the nicest boats of all were the limpets. They had a real seat in them. They looked like flat-bottomed row-boats, and I could put in a little paper man, sitting up as





nice as you please on the seat.

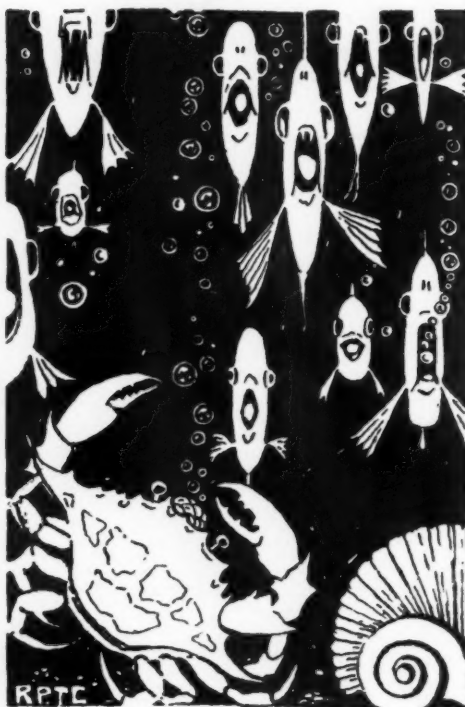
But my finest boats were pea pods. I split them down their top seam, shelled out the peas carefully, without opening the seam at their stems and sterns, and then put in matches broken to different lengths to be seats and braces. They sat up like real canoes, and I could rig a sail in them with a square bit of paper, and a whole match threaded through. The man who taught me how to make pea pod boats could make a fragile basket out of a peach stone, with flowers sticking up over the edge. He could do anything.

The pool was a dozen pages of history. The Spanish Armada came up the English Channel, and was scattered by the little English mussel ships. Perry met the enemy in a fleet of pea pods, and the lumbering British clam shells were ours. John Paul Jones fought under the moon, and left one sinking quahaug shell for another. I even scorched the paper sails on my pea pod fleet with a burning glass, the way Archimedes did for the Athenians in the harbor of Syracuse. (My Syracuse was a black rock shaped like a piece of pie, just as it was on the map.) Jonah left Syria on a perfectly calm day riding on a walnut shell, but it got nasty weather, and the crew threw him to the minnow that lurked below. For that was history, too. Aunt Emma said so. It was in the Bible. And Arion leaped from his boat that had a striped sail made out of Aunt Emma's silk petticoat, and took the first porpoise home to Sunium. For all that was in the *Fourth Reader*, and was history to me, too.

One of the nicest things about the naval engagements was that I could enjoy the boats that went down, just as much as the ones that stayed afloat. I could see them lying and shining in all their azure and pearl splendor on the bottom, noble still in defeat. And, of course, they could all be fished up for the next war. If ships were to go down, they had to be the shell ones, for the pea pods refused to sink at all.

All my fleets might be riding a calm sea, without a cloud on the horizon, and a tornado might come up and half of them go down like lead. And then I had to close with my brother at his pool, and hit him in the wind and wrench the next stone from his hand, before it could spread a typhoon upon my ocean. I had a brother like that.

My brother was the kind of one who might steal up on me when I was steering Christopher Columbus into San Salvador, and squirt a rockweed blossom down my neck. The rockweed blossoms made up many of my cargoes. They were exactly like sacks of doubloons for the pirates. The



shape of the coins showed through their skins. When they were opened, they had jelly in them, and it would go a long way when you pinched them hard. So they served as guns for bombardments.

I had Rio Harbor there in the pool, with its mountain standing up out of the ocean. It was just next door to Hong-kong, and its pea pod junks. I gathered together the ends of the earth in my playhouse, and I learned most of what I knew of Geography out there under the wind and sun. Sometimes the Peking ducks came down and quiddled for my "mummie-chubs," and spoiled a dozen harbors. But it didn't take me long to make a new set.

It was like being in two worlds when I waded along my crystal shallows. My feet looked like feet belonging to some other creature, foreshortened and flattened by the water. And down beside them, and around their toes, were unbelievable wonders. When I lay full length on the ledge and got

my eyes down close to the water, I entered a world that beat Alice's in Wonderland all hollow. All the rocks came alive. Amazing and minute life opened little doors everywhere, and shining and delicate house dwellers came out to do their shopping for dinner. Half a thousand small roofs slid back, and the barnacles reached out their green fingers and combed the water for everything that came by. Their whole houses were market baskets and went after the bargains. A crinkly mussel lifted his roof and showed pink lace that was alive. The Old Man of the Sea, with a tremendous cockleshell on his back, put out his spy-glass eyes, and then a stealthy claw edged with rubies and sapphires, and dug up diamonds. Forests of trees from green fairyland waved their boughs.

EVERYTHING was ablaze with color. It was like stepping out of a drab world into a rainbow. Even the "mummie-chubs" had azure halos around them, and their tiny fins fanned up the jewels of the sand grains like twin butterflies. The light came out of pearly shells and lit up the water even in the shadows. The eyes of the sticklebacks were little winter moons, and went floating past full of sadness. The living mushrooms on the underside of an overturned starfish waved, and turned different shades of rose, as if a wind were blowing through them. The fish opened their mouths and closed them, as if they were keeping time to a music too fine for a boy's ears. It was easy to imagine they were singing hymns.

I believed they were, at the time. And I believe so still. I myself used to get to feeling (Continued on page 41)





# Tell Your Troubles to John

*Are boys ever really companionable?  
Phyllis found Jock Bacon a good pal*

By MARY AVERY GLEN



Illustrations by  
Robb Beebe

A TALL DARK-EYED YOUTH, SMOKING A PIPE,  
TURNED HIS ATTENTION TO THE CONTROVERSY

AT five minutes before three, on a certain Friday afternoon, Life threw down the gauntlet for Phyllis Merriam and she accepted the challenge.

The two girls, Phyllis, sixteen, and her sister Meg, younger by a year, chaperoned by a sympathetic aunt, were whiling away the summer months in a quaint island village on the New England coast.

It was Thursday evening. The long side of the old, yellow-painted hotel, their temporary home, flung out parlor bay windows, lighted within, to the very edge of the main street's worn tar pavement. Over the door of the glassed-in side porch at one end, a sign "Ocean House" could be read by the light from a lamp-post leaning at the curb.

The weather was balmy but a small driftwood fire snapped and crackled in the fireplace of the battered yellow-pine room whose west windows looked out on this porch—the room known as the "office" of the Ocean House, though no business was ever transacted there. Two weather-beaten old seamen sat silent over checkers at the center table. The checkers were large, black and yellow, and rubbed to satin smoothness by generations of horny thumbs. In a chair in the corner, a third old man had settled himself for an after-supper nap. He wore flowered carpet-slippers, and had covered his face discreetly with a red bandanna handkerchief. From time to time he snored gustily, undisturbed by the chatter of a group of young people encamped on the hearthrug before the fire.

The three old men were all-year patrons of the house, the ancient hostelry was their home; while the young people, eight boys and girls in all, Phyllis and Meg among them, were summer boarders.

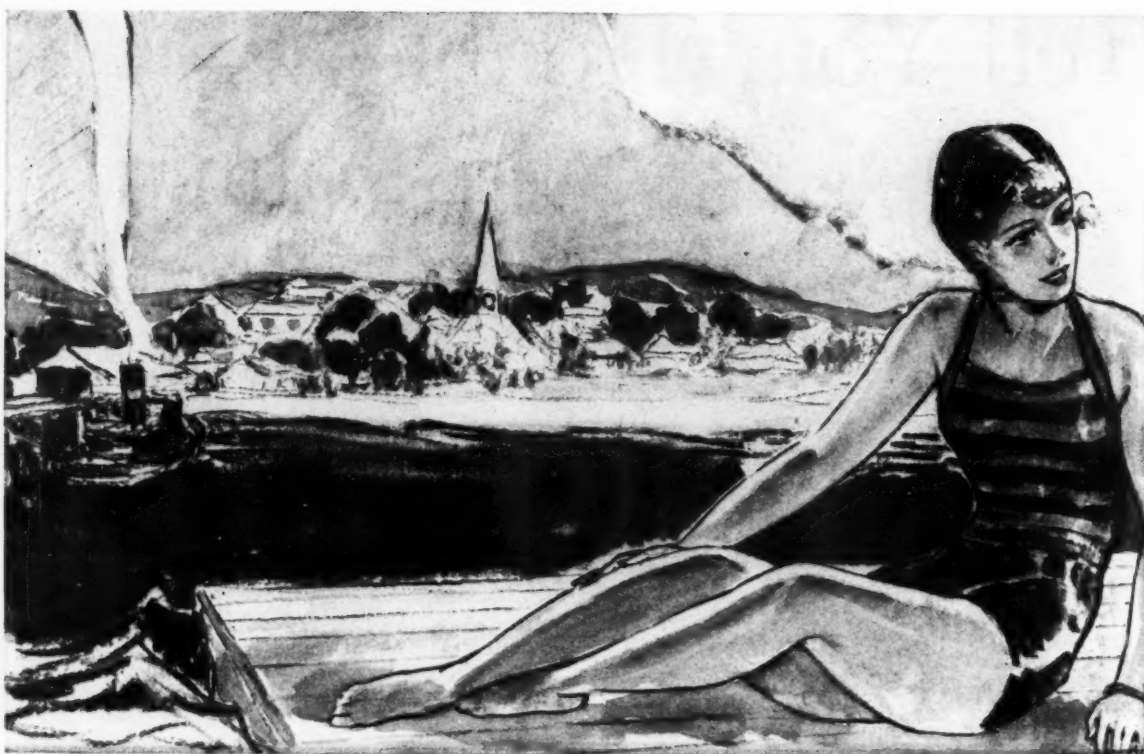
Sally Burke, with her confident dark eyes and silky black curls, sat in the center of the group and contrived, as usual, to keep herself the pivot on which conversation turned. Her vivacity in the presence of the other sex seemed boundless.

"We could take the sailboat and go to Spargo's Cove tomorrow morning," she said. Then she corrected herself. "No, we can't, either. Phyl's aunt won't let her go. She says it's too rough a sail for anyone who can't swim. It's too bad Phyl's the only one who isn't good in the water. But that oughtn't to keep the rest of us home and spoil our fun!"

Phyllis Merriam raised her head. "Don't give it up on my account," she retorted coldly. "Go to Spargo's Cove by all means. I can find lots of things to do!" It was not the first time there had been a brush between Sally and Phyl.

Sandy Collins eased his trousers at the knees. "Count me out, Sally. It's no party for me without Phyl."

"Me, either," chimed in Red Cochran. "Phyl, that'll be the grand chance for you and me to hike to Bottle Head. We've talked about it long enough."



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WONDERFULLY PLEASANT, PHYL THOUGHT,

Ace Corbett raised himself on his elbow on the rug. "Cut it out, Sally," he drawled lazily. The boys were punishing Sally Burke.

"Phyl may not be able to swim, but she's the best dancer in the crowd," defended Sue Kingsley, a school classmate from home.

Meg, a loyal soul, wrinkled up a short nose behind Red Cochran's sheltering head, and made a face at Sally.

**A** TALL, dark-eyed youth, smoking a pipe thoughtfully as he sat with his back against the mantelpiece, turned his attention to the controversy. He was several years older than the others, nineteen, perhaps, or even twenty.

"What's your trouble about swimming, Phyl? What's your reaction exactly to the water?" His voice was wonderfully considerate for so young a male.

"Yes, tell your troubles to dear old John Bacon. Tell Grampa," mocked Sally.

"I can float on my back, Jock," said Phyl, and there was distress in her voice. "I learned when I was a child. But when I try to swim, my feet go up, you know, and I go down headfirst."

"Phyl's coordination is good," said Sue Kingsley. "She'd be a good swimmer, if she only had confidence."

"Phyl-lis! Me-eg!" Aunt Marcia Merriam's robust voice sounded from the door of the parlor, and Phyl scrambled to her feet with a sense of relief. "I'll see what she wants!" Meg followed her sister from the room.

"I don't mean to stop your fun, girls, but would one of you run upstairs and get Mrs. Crosby's glasses? They're on her bureau." Both girls went.

In the office, John Bacon rose and knocked out his pipe on the andirons, but Sally Burke made a detaining gesture. "Don't leave us, Jock!"

"I've some letters to write. In my room."

Sally would not be put aside. She reached back and caught

the edge of the table, barring his way. Her eyes, with a slow, deepening smile reserved exclusively for boys, gazed up into his. "Don't go, Jock!"

John smiled back at her. "Really, I must," he said. "Good-night!" And, raising a long, white-trousered leg, he stepped over the barricade.

At the foot of the stairs, he stood aside to allow the sisters to descend. Phyl tripped down ahead, with Meg pounding noisily in her rear.

"Will you let me try to help you in the water sometime, Phyl?" he asked.

"It's no use, Jock," mourned the girl. "All the boys have tried to teach me, and I reward their efforts by going to the bottom like a stone."

"Not all the boys. You haven't favored *me*."

"I know," said Phyl, and she hesitated. "But when I'm with you I—I hate to make a fool of myself!" She blushed, and laughed helplessly.

John laughed, too. "How about tomorrow afternoon around half past two? The beach'll be empty then, and we'll have the ocean to ourselves. Suppose we meet at the bathhouse?"

"All right," Phyl murmured.

"Good girl! Don't mention this, Meg. We don't want an audience."

**T**HE three had drifted to the parlor door. Phyllis laid the glasses in Mrs. Crosby's lap and received her smile of thanks. It was a privilege to wait upon a lady so old—nearly a hundred!—and yet so queenly. Mrs. Crosby's white dress billowed against the red velvet of her chair, and the lamplight touched her fluffy white shoulder shawl and snowy hair with tenderness.

"How nice it is to have the young people come in," said Mrs. Crosby turning to Aunt Marcia. Her dim old eyes were wistful.



IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THE TREACHEROUS DEPTHS THAT ROLLED BETWEEN THEM AND THE SHORE

THE morning sky above, and the morning sea beneath, were blue as cobalt. Puffy clouds riding high almost seemed reflections of the white sails of yachts beyond the jetty, while the cries of merry-makers on the sand were echoed by squeaks and titterings from gulls, darting and hovering overhead. The morning beach was a confused welter of sunshine on sparkling ocean and tawny dunes, bare legs, and laughing revelers in the water. A black tugboat from New York was tied up at the pier.

John Bacon, in knickers, sat on a plank of driftwood, his feet among clumps of "dusty miller" growing in the shelter of a sand dune. His cap was pulled low over his eyes and, open on his knees, lay an old manual of navigation. The cover of the book was protected by what seemed a sheet of yellow isinglass, but, according to old Captain Dill, was skin from the stomach of a porpoise, stretched over while damp and pliable, and allowed to dry. A faint fishy aroma still clung about it.

Captain Dill had brought the book from the office on the pier, and now sat beside John in the full fervor of explanation, leaning forward to indicate with a stubby forefinger a diagram upon the opposite page.

Suddenly John looked up, and uttered an exclamation. With a gesture of apology to Captain Dill, he rose and strode across the beach. A blond boy baby in a striped bathing suit, rosy as a cherub, was lifting a Boston terrier by unwilling forelegs, with evident intention of ducking him in the water. The little dog resisted, making his body leaden heavy, and holding back with might and main. His ears were flat to his head and he was growling.

Poor little brindled "Shorty," who belonged in one of the nearby cottages, had made two grave mistakes that morning. First, he had trotted alone to the beach, unescorted by his family, and thereafter he had been gleefully ducked and ducked again by every newly arriving child, until his courage and his patience were exhausted. He hated

the water and was afraid of it, and finally he made his second blunder—the unforgivable sin of snapping his teeth in near proximity to a baby hand. It was only a desperate gesture, but it had made him unpopular, of course. Mothers had gathered their children about them, and Shorty had crouched alone upon the sand, outcast and sad.

John Bacon took the small dog by the collar. "I wouldn't put him in, Old-Timer," he counseled the child. "He's worried and tired out. Tomorrow, maybe!"

THE baby, satisfied, relinquished his hold, and John bore Shorty back with him to the driftwood plank, where the little beast curled up beside Captain Dill's old boot as though restored to favor.

"Zow-ee!" cried a voice close above their heads. Sandy Collins and Sally Burke were passing by. Sally was attired in red and white pajamas and a wide red hat. Her eyes were sparkling, and her black curls framed her face bewitchingly.

John got to his feet and took off his cap with elaboration. "You look good enough to eat, Sally," he said. "Fresh as a stick of peppermint candy!"

Sandy, well named, for a large portion of the beach clung to his bare legs and damp suit, took Sally's elbow with a possessive gesture. "No, you don't, Jock!" he said gayly. "Don't try to horn in on this!"

As they passed, Sally still in Sandy's clutch turned her head and, under the rosy shadow of her hat brim, favored John with a "come hither" glance. But the student of navigation only grinned and shook his head. He made a deprecating gesture which included all of his momentary responsibilities, Captain Dill, Shorty, and the fishy volume on his knee.

"I hate Jock Bacon!" exclaimed Sally without explanation, and jerked her elbow out of Sandy's grasp.

But no feminine vagary could jar Sandy's poise on such a day, by such a sea. "Hate him?" he demanded cheerfully.



"What for? What's eating you? If you hate him, I guess you're the only one that does."

"Wasting his time with that old Captain Dill! He hasn't been in the water this morning!"

"He goes in the water plenty enough," said Sandy loyally. He warmed to the defense of his friend. "He's the strongest swimmer on the beach. You know that. Even better than Ace."

At a quarter past two that afternoon, Phyl, in blue swimming suit and blue rubber beach shoes, stood before the battered bureau of the room at the Ocean House which she shared with her sister Meg. Her blond curls were tucked inside her blue rubber cap. She regarded her image intently in the greenish mirror and paused, dissatisfied; then reached under the cap and deliberately pulled down a shimmery curl and arranged it between her eyebrows. She slipped her arms into the sleeves of her cherry-colored beach robe, ran down the stairs and out into the sunlit street.

At the Bank, she turned off the main street and into the winding meadow path which led to the beach. Weeds as tall as her shoulder bordered the narrow way, steeping in sunshine and filled with the dreamy ticking of a million heat-sated insects. Tiny orange and brown butterflies fluttered up and lighted in the path before her feet. She had once confided to Sue Kingsley that she loved the pungent smell of these tall weeds, but Sue, lacking imagination, had laughed her to scorn. Some time, Phyl told herself, she would ask John Bacon what he thought of it. It would be interesting to know if he found it pleasant, too.

The beach, with its trodden sand, appeared deserted, but as she rounded the corner of the bathhouse, the sight of a pair of straight brown legs assured her that her preceptor had kept the tryst with promptness.

John sat on the floor of the bathhouse porch, his eyes fixed on the lighthouse at Hinman's Point across the harbor. At the sound of her "Hello, Jock!" he sprang to his feet. "Brought your courage with you?" He looked her up and down with twinkling eyes.

Phyl nodded weakly. She had no heart for the adventure before her—one more of those futile and nerve-racking swimming lessons which had punctuated her summer by the sea. She was somewhat in the case of poor Shorty, for she had been ducked by every boy on the beach in fervent and well-intentioned determination to make her swim, whether it was possible or not.

John took her hand, and they raced to the water's edge. He plunged in with a great splash, swam a few strokes, and returned. Phyl sat down on the sandy bottom and allowed the water to lap over her. She felt this a tame performance, but she was not in the mood for heroics.

Presently John led her out into waist-deep water. "Let me take you by the chin, Phyl! Now, strike out! I'll keep your head up! There! That's it! Fine!"

He set her on her feet again. "You know how to swim. There's nothing holding you back but lack of confidence. You need to get your mind off yourself, and onto something else. Think of something ridiculous! Think of me!"

She giggled faintly.

"We've got to get into deeper water," he said, and waded out to shoulder depth. Then he turned and faced her, holding out his hands. "All ready, now? Come on!"

Phyl flung herself desperately upon the green bosom of the deep and, as usual, went down with a splutter, filling her nose and throat with smarting brine.

John was with her in an instant. He helped her to her feet, bending his laughing face to hers.

"All right?" he encouraged. "Tell you what we'll do! We'll go out to the float and sit in the sun! Ever been out there?"

Phyl shook her head.

"Scared?"

"A little."

John dropped his bantering manner. "I'm fairly good in the water," he said. "And I have enough sense not to ask a girl to go where I'm not able to take care of her. You can depend on me absolutely. Will you come?"

Phyl nodded.

"I'll swim along beside you, and hold on to your shoulder-strap. Keep your eyes on the float."

It wasn't far, but to Phyl it seemed like swimming the English Channel. She fastened her eyes upon a gull perched on a corner of the float, and strove to divert her thoughts from the heaving green depth below by repeating desperately, "Wonder what Meg's doing now! Wonder what Meg's doing now!"

John caught the edge of the float and handed her up. "Atta girl!" he said with approval.

They sat on the edge and sunned themselves, trailing their feet in the water. To Phyl, the empty beach and pier that they had left behind looked different and very far away. So

did the square white church tower with its gold-figured clock, peering out from between dark masses of wine-glass elms which shaded the little town. It would have been wonderfully pleasant to sit rocking dreamily on the float, alone with the sun and John, if it had not been for thought of the treacherous depths that rolled between them and the shore. Presently they must go back. She would have died rather than suggest that John come for her with the rowboat.

John rose and stood beside her. He pointed his hands above his head and dived, cutting the water like an arrow, disappearing beneath the surface. Phyl watched idly for the reappearance of his head. In another instant she was no longer idle, but alert. For John had not come up. Ah, there he was now, quite far out! But what was it? What was wrong? His face, even at that distance, looked contorted, and she could plainly see blood on his forehead. He threw one arm over his head with a desperate gesture and shouted, "Help!"

The deserted beach and pier, the empty tugboat, basked indifferently in the sun. The hands of the church clock pointed to five minutes before three.

Phyl never knew just how she reached him. She seized the water ahead of her and pulled herself along by it, she pushed and kicked it behind her. She had no idea how she held Jock up, for he had lost consciousness. But she knew she was paddling desperately with her legs and free arm to keep them both from going under. (Continued on page 44)

## Vow in Midsummer

By RACHEL FIELD

Now let us sing how purple vetch  
Keeps daisies company,  
With devil's-paintbrush, copper tipped,  
In fields above the sea.

And let us mark how grasses bow  
Before the wind's swift greeting,  
And how the shadows on the hills  
Are dark and lean and fleeting.

But let us never quite forget  
When orange lilies glow,  
To bless the hands that set them out  
In dooryards, years ago.



# Queen of the Waves

*Girls can swim and sail pretty well, Bilge admitted, but the waves of the ether are beyond their feminine brains*

ELLEN WAKEFIELD'S brown eyes—famed for an ability to see things that others

missed—danced as she twisted a dial on *Halcyon's* short-wave radio, and filled the sloop's cabin with music and a loud male voice.

"One . . . two . . . three . . . four. Pedal faster, folks, or I'll get ahead of you on our bicycle ride this beautiful August morning. What a day to be alive! One . . . two . . . three . . . four. This is Happy Dan, the Good-Health Man, starting you off on the road to . . ."

Bilge Wyeth's irate protests made *Halcyon's* hull vibrate, and Ellen's father threw a pair of ancient bathing trunks at his laughing daughter. In copper-colored sweater and blue dungaree trousers, the girl was a lovely picture as she clicked the receiving set into silence.

"Rise and shine, sailors! There's swordfishing to be done, and everything's perfect. Not a breath of wind—no sea."

Tank Beegle's round face lifted off the pillow of an upper bunk, and his black eyes peered through a porthole at the fishing boats that dotted the calm waters inside Block Island's huge stone-slab breakwater.

"Let's eat," he said, abruptly. "I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"Okay," agreed Bilge, stretching his long arms and yawning. "you're the chef!"

While Tank worked on breakfast, the others prepared the green-hulled sloop—veteran of two ocean races from New London to Bermuda—for a long day of swordfishing. Over the brass tip of a tall bamboo pole, Ellen fitted a brass dart from which stretched a manila line.

"Stop monkeying with that harpoon!" ordered Bilge. "I'm first man out in the pulpit."

Ellen glanced toward a small round platform with a waist-high iron rail out over *Halcyon's* bow—the pulpit.

She jeered. "Why, you couldn't harpoon a whale if you stood on his back!"

By CHARLES G. MULLER

"I've got five dollars in real money that says I strike the first swordfish where it'll do us the most

good," Bilge boasted, with his usual lordly condescension.

Captain Wakefield stopped swabbing his long-handled mop over the forward deck, and hitched up his decrepit bathing trunks.

"Seeing you're so wealthy, Bilge, I'll do with you what local fishermen do with the amateurs they take out."

"Which is?"

"Charge 'em twenty-five to thirty dollars—the market value of the average fish—to throw the harpoon. If you get the fish, you don't pay. If you miss, you do."

"But I said five dollars, Mr. Wakefield, not . . ."

"Make it five, then," conceded *Halcyon's* owner. "And seeing how you and Ellen are so keen for me to throw out my old short-wave radio set, your money will go toward a new one."

"Fair enough," agreed Bilge. "And I'll pick it out."

"I'll do that!" Ellen was decisive.

Bilge dropped the quarter-inch manila harpoon line that he had been carefully winding around a ten-gallon wooden keg. Such ideas were not to be tolerated in the weaker sex.

"Eagle-Eye, queen of the ocean waves, now thinks she's an expert on ether waves!"

"After reading all the technical magazines you brought aboard last week, I probably know more about radio than you'll learn in a lifetime."

Over Bilge's round face spread a grin. "Have you learned code, too, just thumbing through?"

Ellen shook her bobbed head.

"Then I'll give you a lesson sometime."

From the galley rose Tank Beegle's



"I'VE GOT FIVE DOLLARS THAT SAYS I STRIKE THE FIRST SWORDFISH," SAID BILGE. THE GIRL JEERED, "WHY, YOU COULDN'T HARPOON A WHALE IF YOU STOOD ON ITS BACK!"

compelling voice.  
"Come and get it!"

Slapping a third batch of delicious-smelling pancakes on the cabin table's platter, Tank wiped perspiration from a heated brow.

"You folks eat as if this were the last meal you'd ever get," he complained.

Drowning his cakes in maple syrup, Bilge Wyeth nodded.

I'M feeding while the cooking's good. A fish might run his sword through the boat this morning, and down we'd go."

Ellen shook her head vigorously.

"We won't end that way. The tricky hook-up that Dad designed for our new motor last year will pump exhaust water in, instead of out, and poor old *Halcyon* will sink herself!"

"Or maybe," chided Bilge, "the Skipper's patent log that registers like an automobile speedometer will vibrate her seams open."

The sloop's owner was laughing heartily.

"Why worry? *Halcyon's* fully insured!"

"I get it," muttered Tank, in the galley.

"We'd only lose our lives! Nothing to worry about at all!"

"They're insured, too."

"Then everything's just dandy!" Tank poured fresh batter on the griddle.

Under power, the green sloop left her dinghy securely tied to her mooring, rounded the red nun buoy at the harbor's entrance, and headed toward wide expanses of Atlantic Ocean.

"Can a swordfish really spear a boat?" Bilge Wyeth asked Captain Wakefield when they were well out.

At the tiller, which he gripped with a husky hand, the Skipper nodded emphatically.

"Joe Brooks tied up at the Cruising Club's dock last year with a sword sticking right through his hull. Swordfish are fearless."

Three hours later *Halcyon* was alone on the calm sea. Land had long since disappeared, and no other boat was in sight.

"Can we be in the wrong place?" asked Tank, anxiously.

"Everybody picks his own fishing spot. There's plenty of room." Glancing at his wrist watch as he set his course, Captain Wakefield timed the start of a triangular run. Twenty minutes on each leg, and so back to the starting point at the end of each hour, the sloop at all times would know her position.

Hoisted on the main halyard, Ellen sat in a bos'n's chair atop *Halcyon's* tall mainmast. Her eager eyes searched the

ELLEN HAD HER HARPOON READY TO STRIKE. "HE'S TWICE AS BIG AS THE ONE BILGE MISSED," SHE CRIED



smooth ocean surface for signs of a swordfish sunning himself in placid enjoyment, dorsal fin showing above water—oblong and narrow. They also sought the shadow of a huge round body just under the water.

In the pulpit that projected out over *Halcyon's* bow, Bilge Wyeth scanned the ocean as hopefully as Ellen. He had checked and rechecked the short line that would pull his bamboo pole clear of the spear-tip, once he had thrown the harpoon into the swordfish. Everything was ready. Everything but the fish!

For an hour, *Halcyon's* rapt crew motored over the planned triangle with no thought of anything but sighting their prey. Since clearing up breakfast, none of them had gone below decks for fear of missing the action that would start when the first prize was seen. While the boat slipped

up on the swordfish—either dozing or swimming along slowly, unafraid of attack—the harpooner would throw his weapon, the spearhead would penetrate, the pole would release, the keg and three hundred feet of coiled line would be heaved overside, and the fleeing fish would swim until exhausted. And always the keg would mark where he was.

From aloft came a sharp cry.

"Swordfish! There's one!"

A fin showed plainly off the port bow. But Captain Wakefield shook his head.

"Only a sand shark. But it means that fish are around. Usually . . ."

"Abeam!" called Ellen. "To starboard! Look!"

FIFTY yards to the right swam a swordfish that weighed three hundred pounds and more, and as the green sloop swung in a wide circle Bilge Wyeth held his harpoon poised. He was almost over the fish. Tank Beegle warned him.

"For the love of Mike, don't miss."

"At five bucks a shot I certainly won't!" he declared. Bilge leaned out of the pulpit and his arm moved.

"Not yet!" cried Ellen from her rigging perch.

But the harpoon already was flying through the air—and from *Halcyon's* crew rose a heartfelt groan.

"Missed!"

Tank was voluble in his opinion of Bilge's failure. Ellen made no effort to hide her disappointment. And Bilge

mutely hauled his pole back to the boat.

"At least you've contributed toward a new radio," said Ellen, as she slid down the mast to take his place in the pulpit.

"Try and do any better!" growled the defeated harpooner, hoisting Tank Beegle to the lookout post.

*Halcyon* was chugging slowly on her course again, and the Skipper was shaking his head, puzzled.

"None of you comedians tied a bucket or an anchor to our rudder, did you?" he demanded. "She's very sluggish, and I don't see why..."

"Fish ahead!" called the lookout. "Two points off the port bow—just under the water. See him, Ellen?"

Sharp eyes picking up a blurred outline almost before Tank had finished, the girl already had her harpoon ready to strike.

"He's twice as big as the one Bilge missed," she cried.

"That," retorted Bilge, "will cost you ten bucks then."

"Ten dollars nothing! After I throw this harpoon we'll sell that fish for forty dollars at least." Ellen's face lighted. "And I'll get that sword I've been wishing for so long."

Yard by yard *Halcyon* crept up on the slowly swimming swordfish. Five yards away, the four pursuers were tense, waiting. Spear lifted, Ellen focused on her target. Ten seconds... the pulpit was directly over... With the full force of strong young shoulders, Ellen plunged her harpoon squarely into the swordfish's back. A fine hit!

"Heave the keg over!"

ELLEN watched the manila line as it whirled off the barrel, as if from a reel. Then the keg stopped twirling and from the masthead Tank Beegle called shrilly, "He's coming back! He's... he's going to ram the boat!"

A sudden thud. The boat shook.

"Go below, Bilge!" Ellen shouted from the pulpit. "See if he left his sword behind."

Bilge Wyeth ran aft toward the cabin hatchway, and the girl drew in her harpoon pole. She laid it across the pulpit rail. Then a quick, fearful silence fell upon her... the motor had stopped! And Bilge's voice, rising from below decks, filled her with sudden apprehension.

"The cabin is full of water! Mr. Wakefield, we're sinking!"

Thoughts of swordfish swept away, Ellen raced to the hatchway. She saw *Halcyon's* floor-boards afloat, with the sea gushing in through drains of lavatory basin and kitchen sink. And because the engine was flooded, the boat's motor-driven bilge pump already was useless.

Captain Wakefield's orders to each one were incisive.

Illustrations by  
Henrietta McCaig Starrett

"Bilge, plug those sinks! Find our hand-pump, Tank! Ellen, break out the canvas buckets!"

Into the inundated cabin plunged the entire crew. Knee-deep in cold salt water, Ellen fished in the port locker. How could this be happening to *Halcyon*? The swordfish could not have caused the leak, for it was barely a minute since he had struck the sloop. Now the girl had one canvas bucket and, opening it, her heart sank. It was so puny! As she reached in the second time the locker was under water.

"It's the exhaust water pipe," Captain Wakefield called from aft. "If you've found that pump, Tank, give it to Ellen, and help me plug this hole."

ELLEN'S first panic had gone. But the first touch of her fingers on the two-inch galvanized iron pump whose wood handle would lift water on each up-stroke, told her that it would do little good. It would not reach from cabin to deck! She would have to pump into a canvas bucket, lift the makeshift pail up the hatchway, and empty outside.

"Bilge," she called, "come and help here!"

"I can't plug this sink," shouted Bilge from the galley. "Everything keeps popping out."

"Ram a dishcloth in tight with the handle of the dish mop," she suggested just before her father's commanding voice gave another order.

"Get all the life preservers out on deck, Ellen. Then try to signal any near-by boats."

Bilge Wyeth's head appeared above the water in which he had been diving in frantic efforts to plug the opening through which poured the sea.

"The trick is to wad these rags into it so they'll stay."

"Let me go under this time." Captain Wakefield's head disappeared beneath the water.

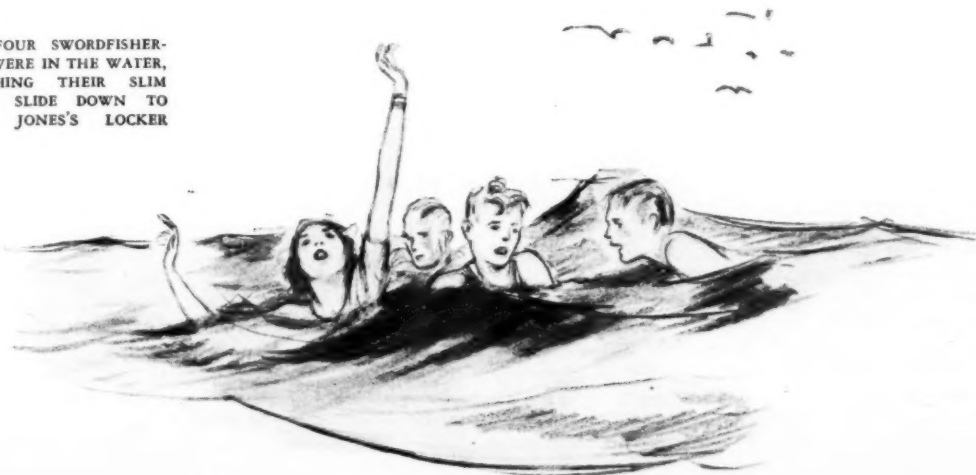
Clutching a flag and a water-tight tin of Costen flares, Ellen climbed the mahogany hatchway ladder to deck. Her eyes swept the horizon for a sight of what she knew they would not find, and she dropped her flares. They were useless. Everything was useless. *Halcyon* was going to sink, and her crew would go down soon after. That was all there was to it. Not a chance in the world for rescue. No one would ever know what had happened to them. Grimly she unfastened the bos'n's lookout seat and ran the Stars and Stripes up to the masthead—upside down—the international signal of distress.

Then she leaned down the hatchway.

"Dad, can we stay afloat for two or three hours?"

"Not unless we stop up this (Continued on page 41)

THE FOUR SWORDFISHER-MEN WERE IN THE WATER, WATCHING THEIR SLIM CRAFT SLIDE DOWN TO DAVY JONES'S LOCKER







# Bright Lagoon

## PART III

By

MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

Illustrations  
by  
Harv  Stein

*The story so far:* For generations the name "Gaylord of Bright Lagoon" had stood in Florida for success and hospitality, but under the third Jasper Gaylord the great orange plantation had run down. This Gaylord cared more for historical research than for anything, except his daughters, Josephine, Mandy and Carroll. The Gaylord girls, who had no companions their own age, were delighted when the Ashtons, a doctor's family, turned the neighboring plantation into a sanatorium. The Ashton boys, Joel and Jon, told them about an interesting patient of their father's, Kits Cronin, a girl who seemed to be surrounded by some mystery.

The Gaylords were as shabby as they were attractive, and when they were invited to dinner with their new neighbors, they had to ransack the attic for clothes from which their devoted Mammy might make them something presentable to wear. Before the dinner, however, Josephine and Mandy encountered the mysterious girl, though she did not see them. They recognized her—or thought they did—as Catharine Crown, a movie star whose photograph they had seen.

JOEL ASHTON brought his brother to Bright Lagoon a day or two after Mandy and Josephine had had tea at Golden Point.

Jon was something of a surprise to the young Gaylords, especially when they learned that he and Joel were twins. For never were twins more unlike, both in outward appearance and tastes, than the two boys.

Jon was neither as tall nor as broad as his brother, and in place of Joel's sandy hair and gay blue eyes, he was as black-haired and black-eyed as Josephine herself. A slim, dark boy with a serious expression, and an infrequent but somehow heart-warming smile.

He had a shy self-possession that impressed his new neighbors favorably, and though he talked less than Joel, he could express himself clearly and intelligently when he had something to say.

He was frankly delighted with the fine old house, and begged to be taken all through it, room by room. The huge central hall with a little stage built across one end roused his special enthusiasm.

"What jolly concerts and plays you could give here," he declared, standing back at the far end to study its possibilities with an eager eye.

"Yes, if we ever had some extra performers and an audience," Mandy agreed with a little grin. "That stage was built by our grandfather—it wasn't part of the original

hall. Grandfather used to have hordes of guests staying down here, from what I've been told, and they apparently had some pretty grand times. Daddy says his father used to fancy himself as an amateur actor."

"Joel says you are musical," Josephine put in, with her pleasant little air of being vitally interested in all that concerned the person she was talking to at the moment. "Do tell us what your special instrument is. I don't know whether Mandy has told you that collecting musical instruments was rather a fad of Daddy's at one time. We've got a real assortment for you to choose from."

Jon's face lighted with that slow, brilliant smile of his.

OH, do let me see them," he begged. "The piano's the thing I'm best on, but I can play a bit on some of the strings, too."

"Wait till you hear him," Joel laughed. "He's a modest cuss, Mandy. But he's good, if I do say it of my own brother. In fact, his teacher said he was ready for some preliminary concert work now, only Dad hates the idea of child prodigies, and won't hear of his taking it up professionally till he's through school and college."

Mandy crossed the hall to throw open a door at the right, and the others followed her.

"This was the music room when Mother was alive," she said softly, standing back to let them pass in ahead of her.



"I'M NO GOOD AT GIVING UP WHAT I'VE SET MY HEART ON," SHE WARNED HIM WITH A GRACEFUL GESTURE



*The Gaylords entertain their neighbors  
and Kits Cronin throws a  
bombshell into their lives*



"She used to play the piano and the guitar, I remember. None of us plays, nor any of our friends, so we usually keep the place closed, otherwise it gets terribly dusty."

THE room she ushered them into was a pleasant, square one, with three deep windows all across the front, looking out on the terrace and the orange trees in the far distance. The walls were paneled from floor to ceiling in dark, polished wood, with rows of deep shelves built into the solid wall, in cabinet effect, on three sides. Jon, staring in astonishment, saw that these shelves held an assortment of familiar and strange musical instruments, for many of which even he had no guess at the names.

In one corner of the room stood a fine grand piano, closed, and near it a tall harp with several broken strings attesting to the length of time since it had been cared for by appreciative hands.

Impulsively Jon walked over to the piano and tried the lid. It was not locked, and lifted easily at his touch. He laid one slender, long-fingered hand on the faintly yellowed keys in a rippling chord.

"It needs tuning pretty badly, Mandy," he said, and spanned an octave, listening with a slight frown to the dissonance it produced. "Hear that? I'll bring my kit over, and tune it for you, if you don't mind—I always take care of my own piano. Then I'll be glad to play all you like. It's not—not fair to a fine instrument," he wound up whimsically, "to show it off when it's sick, like this."

When the two boys had gone, the Gaylords watched them wistfully. "They're—nice," Mandy commented briefly.

"Yes, we're lucky to have the kind of neighbors we've always hoped for," Josephine agreed. "And think of living next door to Catharine Crown—" She sighed, a deep sigh of satisfaction, and Mandy grinned at her.

"You and your movie heroines!" she said. "We haven't proved she's actually the wonderful Catharine, yet."

As Thursday evening, and the dinner at Golden Point drew nearer, the clothes problem came uppermost once more, and Aunt Sam and her needle were called into consultation.

Knotty and bent as Aunt Sam's fingers had become with the passing years, she still retained a skill with scissors and needle that always seemed to her nurslings little short of miraculous. In her younger days on

Martinique, Aunt Sam had had plenty of experience in fashioning airy muslin and chiffon frocks, when she was maid to that charming young French Josephine de Mirac who later had become Mrs. Jasper Gaylord, and her old hands had not forgotten their cunning.

SHE found little difficulty in altering the blue crêpe and the dainty white mull for young Josephine and Carroll, but she was shocked into distressed protest when she discovered that Mandy was proposing to play Cinderella in her faded, two-year-old yellow Swiss.

"Yo' ain' gwine to no No'thern rich folks' party in no beggar's dress, Miss Mandy, honey," she declared firmly, holding up the despised garment in question, and shaking her grizzled old head.

"Well, it's all I've got," Mandy laughed. "It's wear that—or stay at home."

But Aunt Sam wouldn't hear of the latter alternative either. Her babies had little enough party-going in their lives, she thought. She remembered vividly the gayeties of their mother's young life in her island home, and her soft old heart contracted painfully, at the contrast.

In the end, after much cogitation and many head-shakings, she evolved a sort of miracle with the homely materials at hand. A wide lace flounce from one of the dresses in the old trunk, set into the skirt of Mandy's yellow muslin, made it the smart ankle-length of present-day fashions. Flowing lace sleeves, from the same dress, were cleverly revamped into big puffed sleeves, gathered just above Mandy's slim young elbows and fitted into the yellow muslin in place of the original tight, faded ones that belonged there.

Then Aunt Sam dipped the dress in weak coffee, until the faded streaks disappeared, and the whole thing was a lovely warm beige that was one of the season's fashion-right colors. It might not have seemed excitingly up-to-date

to an experienced dressmaker, but none of the girls knew that, so they were not troubled by the thought. And at least it was tremendously becoming to its wearer, which is surely the most important thing about any dress.

So three bright-eyed and pleased-with-themselves girls entered the front door of Golden Point, at the appointed dinner hour on the following Thursday evening, in their renovated finery.

THE combined Ashton family welcomed them as if they had been friends of long standing, and—to their great delight—they were at last introduced to the much-discussed Kits Cronin. Also—though this seemed wholly unimportant by comparison—they met Dr. Ashton's other patient, the convalescent college student who was acting as tutor to Joel and Jon. His name was Geoffrey Wynne, and he was a rather serious young man with glasses and a shy manner. None of the three had time to observe him properly, as they were all too taken up with the vision that was Kits Cronin in a shining golden frock that just matched her shining golden head, and a big yellow diamond swung on an almost invisible platinum chain about her white throat.

The vision held out a slender white hand—a bit overloaded with jewels, perhaps, but the more dazzling for that, to their uncritical eyes—and greeted them in the clear, thrilling voice that Josephine and Mandy had heard singing under their orange tree a few days before.

What Miss Cronin said was conventional enough, but they were so fascinated, just watching her, that she might have spoken in Russian or Choctaw, so far as they were concerned.

She was like one of their old, favorite princesses, out of Grimm, or Hans Andersen, thought Mandy rapturously. "Rapunzell, Rapunzell, let down your hair"—or one of the others, equally romantic, and in distress.

Princesses in fairy tales were always in distress and fear of one sort or another. And even if Joel hadn't told them that Kits Cronin was afraid, Mandy was

sure she couldn't have missed a certain hunted look in the soft brown eyes above the gorgeous winking of the yellow diamond.

The dinner went off in an ordinary enough, though very pleasant, fashion. Afterward, there was coffee in the big, cool drawing room, and later Jon played for them on the huge, shining grand piano in the corner, and Kits Cronin sang.

She did not include the plaintive song about the Maid of France they had heard her sing that other day, and neither Josephine nor Mandy felt it would be tactful to ask for it. They had decided, before coming, that they must give no sign they had recognized Catharine Crown—if, indeed, that resemblance were not just chance, and too-vivid imagination on their own part.

Tonight, in her gorgeous evening frock, they were not so sure as they had been before. Miss Cronin was wearing her golden hair in a different way, for one thing, not in the long, curly bob of the girl under the orange tree, and the girl in the film magazine, but drawn back sleekly from her low forehead into a severe little knot at her neck, with a few golden wisps of curls breaking in a delicate foam against her temples and the tops of her small, pink-tipped ears. It did change her a good deal, they had to admit.

LATER still, Joel turned on the radio and tuned in on a famous dance orchestra hundreds of miles away in New York's gayest night club, and they all danced to its strains. All, that is, except Mrs. Ashton who declared that her dancing days were over, but that she loved to watch the others. Even the Doctor danced with energy, and a light-footed skill worthy of his sons.

He happened to dance with Mandy last, and at the end of it, he drew her over to one of the open casement windows that looked out on the brilliant Florida moonlight.

"Do you mind if a new neighbor talks business at a party, Miss Mandy?" he asked her, his eyes twinkling quite as pleasantly as she had guessed they could.

Somewhat astonished, the girl shook her head.

"Why—why, of course I don't, Dr. Ashton," she said, wondering what was coming.

"My son tells me you can type," her host said unexpectedly. "I'll explain more fully in a moment. Have you ever copied manuscripts, I wonder? I know your father writes, and I thought perhaps—"

He paused, and Mandy, still mystified, nodded. "Oh, yes, I always copy Daddy's chapters, as they come along," she laughed. "There's (Continued on page 32)



"MAY I TALK BUSINESS AT A PARTY?" THE DOCTOR ASKED MANDY

# If You Are Interested in Tennis

*The winner of the Seabright singles in 1933 and member of the Wightman Cup team for 1934 gives you some tennis pointers*

By SARAH PALFREY

THERE are two ways of playing tennis—the "house-party" way, and the "tournament" way. The former obviously does not take much skill or intelligence, and if you are not really interested in playing well, you can get a great deal of pleasure from it. The latter, the "tournament" way, is so interesting, healthy, and exciting, that it is well worth any sacrifices you may have to make for it. I can speak from experience, since I have played in tournaments from the age of eight. Tournament tennis doesn't necessarily mean playing in tournaments. It means playing well enough to be able to.

If you want to play well, first of all you must get into good physical condition, if you are not so already. What good is any tennis talent you may have, if you haven't the strength and energy with which to back it up? With good health, not only will your strokes become more sure, but your mind will become clearer and your footwork faster. In order to acquire, or to keep, good health, you must avoid late hours and rich foods. You must get plenty of fresh air and exercise. Even exercise like plain running is beneficial. Keep good posture on the court and off. When you feel you are healthy enough, it is time to think of some of the other qualities needed for playing well.

A very important one is the willingness to work. This is true in any sport, as well as in any career, or job. In my family there are many sisters, so there was always someone at hand who was willing to work with me. I am sure that those of you who are interested can find somebody who will practice with you. It will be necessary also to get someone who can show you how to start correctly. If you can have a teacher, so much the better, but teachers are by no means necessary. All you need is some kind person who will show you the correct swing for a forehand, backhand and serve, as well as tell you about tactics. It would also be a good idea to watch some of the best players. There are always plenty of tournaments in which they participate. We

GOOD HEALTH AND A WILLINGNESS TO WORK HARD ARE THE IMPORTANT QUALITIES



Wide World Photos



Photo by  
Reckrach

used to do this, trying to copy them at home. Naturally, we looked nothing like them in the beginning, but we thought we did, and gradually we improved our own style by doing so. We gathered from them a good idea of timing, balance, coördination, and court position.

YOU also learn, by watching others, the correct costume to wear while playing—a simple white dress (or maybe shorts, if they are becoming), light wool socks, and white low sneakers. Neat hair is essential. It must either be so short that it cannot possibly blow in your face, or it must be kept under a hair net where it cannot bother you, or take your mind off your game. Shoulder straps must also be attended to. Many players have lost matches because, at a crucial point, they have had to pull up a strap slipping down the arm. You must pin your straps to your dress beforehand, or sew

a loop onto your dress, with a snap for an opening. Then you merely lay the shoulder straps in the loop and close the snap. These small matters may seem too insignificant to talk about, but they are so much more important than people realize that it is really quite necessary to mention them.

When you feel that your costume is comfortable, you may begin to play. As I said before, learning the game correctly in the beginning will make a great difference to your game later on. I am going to tell you, therefore, a few of the most important points, which may be useful to you.

First of all, you must keep your eye on the ball from the moment it leaves your opponent's racket until the moment it reaches yours. Many people become so interested watching where the opponent is going, or wondering where to put the next shot, that they entirely forget to look at the ball. When you see where it is going, you must run after it as quickly as possible—the sooner you (Continued on page 44)



# Sue Goes to Venice

*"It's like fairyland. Different from anything else in the world," Sue's mother told her. "Just wait and see."*

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

OF course Sue had studied about Venice in history class, and had seen pictures of the Campanile and San Marco, and Aunt Sally had once brought her a little silver gondola for a present. But in school her friend Giovanna had never talked much about it. Whenever it was mentioned, Giovanna had looked wistful and gone off into a daydream that had made her useless for lessons or tennis for some time afterward. And, on the train, when Sue had asked about Venice, her mother had merely smiled and said, "It's like fairyland, my dear. Different from anything else in the whole world. Just wait and see!"

In spite of her impatience, however, Sue enjoyed crossing the railroad bridge over the wide stretch of water, though she thought it very much like other railroad bridges after all. There was a distant view of domes and towers—but then every Italian city has domes and towers! When the train drew into the station, there were the same lines of tracks, and the same porters running along beside the cars that she had seen everywhere else in Italy. Venice couldn't be so different after all.

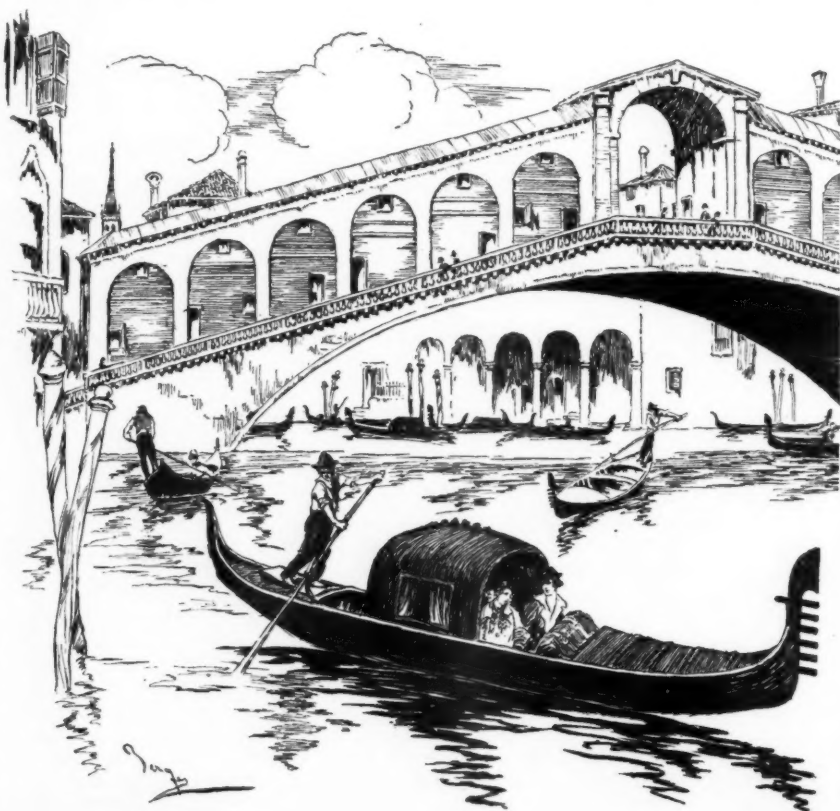
No sooner had Sue scrambled out of the train than she saw plump, dark-eyed Giovanna bobbing along the platform to meet her. The two girls rushed into each other's arms, and there were ecstatic hugs, and a funny mixture of English, French, and Italian words, all tumbling over one another. It was some minutes before Giovanna's governess could get in a word of greeting, or Sue's mother—who was taking a train back to Asolo to visit friends while her daughter was in Venice—could say good-by. Chatter, chatter, chatter, mostly in French, as it was at the French convent that the two girls had been friends! Giovanna knew only a few words of English, and Sue almost no Italian.

Suddenly Sue realized that they were not taking a carriage or taxi, but that she was being helped from slippery stone steps into a gondola where her bags were already stowed. She sat down unexpectedly in the low seat, as the gondola lurched in the waves of a passing motor boat. And then she saw that the canal was full of other boats, long black gondolas with high bows like the one she was in, trim motor boats, clumsy steamboats crowded with people (the street cars of Venice, Giovanna told her), barges full of fruit and vegetables

for the markets. Her eye was caught by a big boat full of beds and chairs and tables, and up in the bow a marble statue and a rocking horse. That must be a moving van, she decided. She noticed, too, that every gondola and barge was rowed by a man who stood in the high stern of the boat and pushed a long oar, swaying backward and forward with a strong rhythmic motion.

Past stately palaces they went, with front steps leading down into the water, and lace-like balconies against walls of pale pink and yellow and ivory; under the Rialto bridge, a shining span of delicate white carving and pale blue shadows. Now they glided noiselessly past another gondola coming around a bend, missing it by a hair's breadth as the gondoliers called unintelligible things to one another, swaying for a breath-taking moment in waves that looked as if they must surely come over the side. When the gondola at last slid up to the steps of an ivory-colored palace, between boat-posts with spiral stripes like peppermint sticks, and the girls alighted and pushed open a great, nail-studded door, Sue felt as if she were stepping into the midst of an enchanting story.

At the head of the wide marble stairway stood Giovanna's mother, black-haired, gentle and gracious. Sue loved her at once, and was delighted when her friend's mother greeted her in English, with a charming accent. Up another



flight of stairs the girls went, and Giovanna took Sue to the room she was to occupy, next Giovanna's own. Sue sank down on the nearest chair. What an unbelievable room! Walls of robin's-egg blue; a wide, low bed with delicately painted high posts and a cover of golden damask shot with blue and rose; an ancient carved chest; a dressing table draped with yellow damask, and over it a mirror with a gilded frame; a tall Venetian desk, painted chairs, in ivory and rose and blue. There were candlesticks on the dressing table, and on the wall a sweet old painting of the Madonna and Child, and flowers everywhere.

**S**UDDENLY Sue thought of the outside world again, and ran to the window. There was a balcony outside, and here she leaned, looking at the passing gondolas, listening to snatches of song, watching the changing colors of the sunset in sky and water. And here Giovanna found her when she came to take her down to dinner.

The dining room made Sue feel, more than ever, that she was living in a story. Dark paneled wainscoting, dark beamed ceiling picked out in designs of red and blue, a refectory table set with lace, pale green glass and silver candelabra. Old portraits looked down from the walls, and the windows were hung with rich red damask. Sue sat in a high-backed chair between Giovanna and her mother, facing the rest of the family. Giovanna's father, with his pointed beard and fine bearing, was dark and distinguished. Except for his present-day clothes, he might have stepped directly out of the ancestral portrait hanging on the wall above his head. A sixteen-year-old sister, slender and lovely, and a handsome lad of twelve, polite and courtly as his father, but with black eyes full of mischief, completed the family. The elders spoke



HER EYE WAS CAUGHT BY A BIG BOAT FULL OF BEDS AND CHAIRS AND UP IN THE BOW A MARBLE STATUE AND A ROCKING HORSE



THE TWO GIRLS HUNG OVER THE BALCONY AND WATCHED THE PREPARATIONS

to Sue in English, and the two girls in French. Little Mario knew only Italian, but Sue could understand his gestures, and the twinkle in his merry eyes.

It was a leisurely meal, with delicious things to eat—a soup in which small round pastries floated, a macaroni cut like bowknots and sprinkled with cheese, fresh asparagus with thick, golden sauce, chicken and green salad, a tray of cheeses, white and yellow and orange, and a great bowl of crimson strawberries. After dinner, the family walked in the tiny walled garden beside the palace, an enchanted place in the moonlight, with the flowers gleaming palely, and deep blue shadows on the statues and fountain.

"If you sleep well tonight, Sue," said Giovanna's mother, "we'll go out to hear the singing boats tomorrow night." But she would tell nothing more, in spite of eager questions.

Sue slept like a top in the big bed, and never stirred until the maid opened the shutters, and brought in her breakfast on a tray—rolls, chocolate, amber honey, and a glass dish full of cherries on the stem.

**S**UE was already dressed and back at her post on the balcony when Giovanna appeared and said that the gondola was waiting to take them wherever they wanted to go. Sue leaned still farther out, and there, sure enough, was the gondola, graceful as a black swan, brass sea horses and dolphins shining, the high metal prow gleaming in the sunlight. She saw now the beautiful carving at the back of the seat, and the cords and fringes along the sides. The gondolier was busy arranging cushions, and a lovely piece of red damask was thrown over the low seats.

"Why are all the gondolas black?" she asked.

Giovanna told her that they had been so for centuries, ever since a great naval defeat, when the Doge had ordered all the boats to be painted black as a sign of mourning. "In fact, everything in Venice is just as it was centuries ago," added Giovanna. "The palaces are the same, the churches, the bridges, the canals, the yellow sails, even coffee at Florian's. It is only the costumes that have changed. And, of course, the quiet of the canals has been broken by motor boats, but nobody minds that because they are so convenient."

Just then the gondolier, in his summer suit of white, a red sash with gold fringes around his waist, looked up, doffing a wide-brimmed straw hat with red ribbons hanging down behind, to salute them respectfully. (Continued on page 30)



TOOLING, PAINTING, PUNCHING AND LACING LEATHER SLIDES FOR TIES AT CAMP SCOTT, TULSA, OKLAHOMA



GIRL SCOUTS PAINTING AND MAKING RUSH TYPE SEATS FOR STOOLS AND CHAIRS AT CAMP O-AT-KA, IN CENTRAL VALLEY, NEW YORK



CLAY MODELING IS FINE PRACTICE FOR FUTURE SCULPTORS, AND OTHER TALENTED PERSONS CAN MAKE ORIGINAL AND LOVELY POTS AND BOWLS



COMING FROM A DIP AT CAMP ONAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA INTO A SMALL CLEARING THAT MIGHT WELL SERVE AS A STAGE FOR OUTDOOR PLAYS



# at Girl Scout Camps

and you will be happier—and cleverer



AN EXPERT CRAFTSMAN OF CAMP ROMANY TRAIL, AT EVANSTON, ILLINOIS TEACHES HIS ART TO THE YOUNGER GENERATION



IT'S EASY TO WEAVE BASKETS WITH A STREAM AT YOUR FEET IN WHICH TO WET YOUR CANE AND KEEP IT SUPPLE

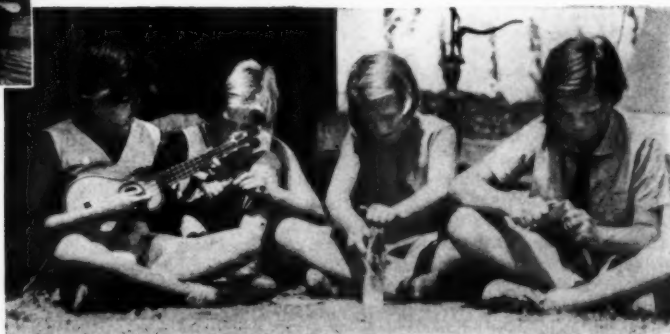


WHEN THE LEAVES ARE AT THEIR FULL IS THE TIME TO MAKE SMOKE PRINTS. SMOKE A SHEET OF PAPER OVER A CANDLE, PRESS A LEAF ON THE SMOKED PART, THEN PRESS THE LEAF ON TO A CLEAN SHEET OF PAPER. FIX WITH REGULAR FIXATIVE



CAMP O-AT-KA, CENTRAL VALLEY, NEW YORK BOASTS A BEAUTIFUL LAKE WHICH IS USED FOR SWIMMING, BOATING AND, AS HERE, TO AND THE HANDICRAFTERS

LEARN TO PLAY ON A UKE OR GUITAR, OR EVEN A MOUTHORGAN. YOU AND YOUR GROUP WILL HAVE TWICE AS MUCH FUN IF YOU CAN ACCOMPANY THEM IN SIMPLE SONGS



# "Up the River

*Don't waste your summer! Camp is the best place*

COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE! AND THE FUN STILL FINER, HERE AT CAMP MAY FLATHER'S SWIMMING POOL IN STOKESVILLE, VIRGINIA

A GIRL SCOUT WITH SOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL BASKETS DESIGNED AND MADE BY HERSELF DURING HER STAY AT CAMP MARGARET TOWNSEND, IN TOWNSEND, TENNESSEE



## OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. For the Star Reporter's Box, your story should contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer the questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

**JOSEPHINE DAVIS** of Troop Thirty-four, Salt Lake City, Utah has the honor of being named Star Reporter for August. Josephine writes:

"A pack trip! It couldn't be possible that at last we were going to have the very thing we had been dreaming about for months. A pack trip away from everything except the trees, the mountains, and the glorious lake we were to camp by. At last the day arrived with eleven very excited girls tapping their feet, just wanting to get going.

"Lake Desolation, our destination, was four miles from Camp Pinar. These four miles took us over hills, into meadows, up steep mountains, and past crystal springs and tiny lakes. At last we came to the top of the mountain from which we could see the lake one-half mile below. What a thrill to look down, to see the sun glitter on tiny waves made by the wind. We made our horses gallop that last half-mile, so anxious were we to get there.

"Four glorious days followed, filled to the brim with cooking, hiking, swimming, boating, and just loafing. We had a grand kitchen in a grove of spruce trees. We found old white logs for tables, and large rocks for a trench fire-place. At night we sat on a big log and watched the moon, a big yellow full moon, creep from behind the mountains.

"Our last night we sat around the camp fire, and felt some of the splendor and strength of those rugged mountains. When at last we turned our faces towards the west, we could see the silhouette of a sheep herder sitting on his horse, looking below. When we were all tucked into bed, and had heard the last faint note of taps, we were sad that it was our last night in this wonderful place. But then we remembered that next year the trees, the mountains and the clear waters of Lake Desolation would all be there waiting for us."

### Day Camps in Pittsburgh

**BELLEVUE, PENNSYLVANIA:** Once every week last summer, Girl Scouts were given the use of cabins in our county parks, Boy Scout cabins, and such places, to carry on programs and schedules which include all phases of Girl Scout work. The Crafts Group made spatter prints, lanyards, soap dishes, and smoke prints; the Dramatics Group acted plays, songs and charades; the Tin Craft Group made cups, skillets, lanterns, and ovens; and the First Aid Group learned to bandage wounds and take care of the sick.

We learned many new songs and games, also. The hours were from ten to four, and the girls had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

BETTY LOU GIBSON

### Camping in the Rain

**STILLWATER, OKLAHOMA:** On a dull gray Sunday in late July, fifteen Girl Scouts, with three counselors, pitched camp for a session of six days. In spite of the dreary skies, everyone looked forward to a good time. Although it rained every day, it did not seem to dampen the fine spirit of the campers.

As the State Agricultural College is situated in our city, several of its instructors visited us, and delivered some interesting lectures.

Among many other activities, our tie-dyeing and soap-carving experiments offered us the most pleasure and fun. Tie-dyeing proved especially interesting. It was fun to see the pretty designs as they emerged from a bundle of tied strings and threads. There were all sorts of designs—hearts, squares, diamonds, and even our own Girl Scout trefoil, in many different colors.

The last night at camp was stunt night. One of the events was a very humorous and tragic presentation of *Romeo and Juliet*. There

# and Over the Lea"

*to learn new skills—in games, sports, and hobbies*



SKETCHING AND HANDICRAFTS ARE PRACTICED UNDER THE TREES AT THE GIRL SCOUT CAMP NEWATAH, BEMUS POINT, NEW YORK



AT CAMP PINAR, BIG COTTONWOOD CANYON, UTAH THE GIRL SCOUTS MAKE TOASTERS AND OTHER ACCESSORIES BY LASHING STICKS



were several talented actors in our group. Even though it rained every day, our camp was a great adventure, and everyone enjoyed it.

Troop 3

LORENA PETERMANN

## Camping in the State Park

KENT, CONNECTICUT: Last summer our Girl Scout troop wanted to go camping in our State park where cabins and tables are provided. We had to pay to stay in the cabin, so we thought of a plan to make some money. We decided to have a food sale. Each girl provided something which either she or her mother had made. There were cakes, fudge and candy, and we bought cookies and made lemonade for refreshments. The Kent School chef made an enormous cake which was sold in quarters. We sold all the things except some of the candy which the girls took home.

We then went on our camping trip for a few days. We went swimming, and slept in bunks. When we had a big thunder shower, we put on our bathing suits and ran out in the rain. We went on hikes, and toasted marshmallows over the camp fire.

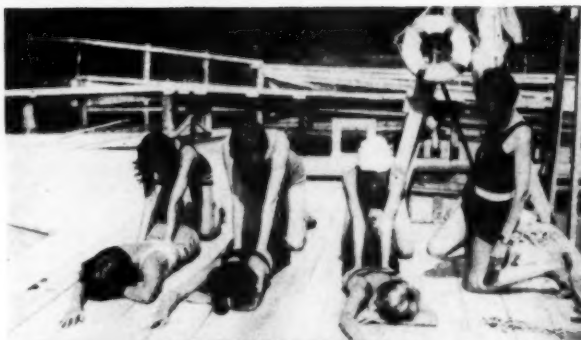
Some of the girls passed their tests while we were there. We all brought our own blankets and pillows. Our leader and instructor, and a few of the other girls, slept on cots or mattresses outside the cabin.

We enjoyed our camping trip very much, and would like to go on another one soon.

Troop 1

RUTH LEONHARD

THE GIRL SCOUTS OF KARNES CITY AND KENEDY IN TEXAS HAVE LOTS OF OPPORTUNITY IN THEIR CAMP FOR FUN ASHORE OR ON THE LAKE



CAMP INNISFREE, ROSE CENTER, MICHIGAN SPECIALIZES IN LIFE- SAVING INSTRUCTION AND RESUSCITATION OF NEAR - CASUALTIES

THE DAY CAMP AT ABERDEEN, SOUTH DAKOTA OFFERS ALL SORTS OF OPPORTUNITIES TO LEARN OUTDOOR SKILLS AND HANDICRAFTS



## Sue Goes to Venice

(Continued from page 25)

The girls raced down. Sue was in such a hurry that she slipped on the wet stone steps and landed unceremoniously in the gondola. So it was with many giggles that the girls settled themselves to wait for the Signorina, for Giovanna explained that she and her sister never went anywhere without the governess, or her mother.

At last the Signorina appeared, and they were off. Sue was enchanted when the Doge's Palace came in view. Pale pink and ivory walls with a carved lace border, against an intense blue Venetian sky, and the whole supported by such fragile-looking columns that it seemed a fairy palace indeed, too ethereal to be real. The gondola slid silently up to the broad stone promenade, and in a few minutes they were walking through an archway into a beautiful courtyard. They passed two bronze fountains, mounted a wide stone staircase, walked around the high loggia that surrounded the courtyard, and presently came to a great room whose walls were covered with murals.

These paintings peopled for Sue the Venice of olden times. Here were Doges in gorgeous robes, bishops in high mitres and jewel-encrusted vestments, ladies in flowing brocades and velvets, pages in colorful tunics. Here also were high-pooped galleons and square-rigged sailing vessels, but everywhere the same palaces and churches and bridges, the same canals and gondolas and orange sails. How Sue did wish she might have lived in those grand old times! But when the governess explained to her that slavery, poverty, cruelty, and intrigue were all a necessary part of this grandeur, she was glad that she lived in the twentieth century after all.

"Now," said Giovanna as they came out again into the brilliant sunshine of the square, "you mustn't look back until I tell you to." And she led her friend down the long colonnade surrounding the square of San Marco. But Sue was busy staring into the shop windows. There were windows full of lace and embroideries, coral, glass in all colors of the rainbow, jewelry of silver filagree, with the very same kind of gondolas that Aunt Sally had once brought her. It took a minute or two for Giovanna to drag her away from these captivating windows when they came to the far end of the square.

When she finally succeeded, Sue leaned against a column and looked and looked. There at the far end of the Piazza was San Marco, a pale golden pile of turrets and domes and delicate spires that might have been conjured up when Aladdin rubbed his lamp. As they walked slowly toward it, she saw that the opalescent color came from exquisite mosaics on a golden background. And Giovanna told her that the interior of the church was full of them.

The square was alive with pigeons, and

the girls almost stumbled over them as they walked. Soon they were completely surrounded by a fluttering throng. One alighted on Sue's shoulder, and she stood spellbound, San Marco forgotten, afraid to move lest she should frighten it. Giovanna ran over to a man seated at a table in the square, and came back with two cornucopias full of corn. Soon the girls had pigeons perched on their arms, eating from their hands, and others on their shoulders and heads. Suddenly a bell struck and all the pigeons in the square, thousands of them, swept abruptly away, in a swift, slanting flight, coming to rest on the life-sized fig-

ure of the grain is left. Giovanna promised Sue she should see this sight while she was in Venice.

After luncheon, and the long noon rest which everybody in Venice takes during the hot hours of the day, Giovanna and her guest went to one of the lace schools. Sue watched spellbound while deft fingers threw the bobbins over pins stuck in the lace pillows, or wove cobwebby designs with a needle. In the delicate patterns, she recognized many of the flowers and cupids and birds that she had noticed already in the sculpture and painting and embroidery of Venice, and realized that all these arts were closely related. Some of the tiny doilies took a month to make; and Sue saw one big piece that a sweet old woman in a black shawl had been working at for three years. She began to see that making a beautiful piece of lace is just as much of an art as painting or sculpture.

Glass blowing was still more thrilling, because the glass grew into a thing of beauty before one's eyes, changed in a few minutes from a tiny lump of red-hot matter into a delicate bubble of a bowl or goblet, or even into a dolphin balanced on his tail, to hold a flower or a candle. Sue felt sure that the glass blower with his pipe was a magician in disguise. First he blew a delicate bubble at the end of the long pipe. This he turned deftly in the flaming furnace, sat again upon his bench, and with a marvelous instrument that was scissors, or file, or modeling stick as he chose, made whatever he wanted to—an exquisite vase, a delicate goblet, a ball of glass so ethereal it looked as if it might float away on the faintest breeze.

Sue watched, enchanted, while a young boy dipped his rod into the red-hot mass of melted glass, drew it forth, with fine

pincers pulled at bits of the shapeless lump, and finally held out to her a perfect little green glass dog, with nose, ears, feet and a ridiculous curly tail. In spite of the almost unbearable heat of the furnaces, and an increasing emptiness within, it was only after repeated suggestions of ice cream at Florian's that she could be torn away, with the green glass dog tightly clutched in one hand.

Like many other things in Venice, Florian's has been the same for centuries. Here poets and musicians, kings and generals, rascals and villains have met to hobnob, or plan the fate of nations, or hatch some new mischief. Sue and Giovanna and the governess, however, merely ordered ices, and sat at a table on the pavement in the Piazza, where they could watch the late afternoon crowd, as it flowed by in colorful waves.

Sue was particularly interested in the plump and comfortable nurses in tight-bodied dresses of pink or blue checked material, with wide bands of a plain color around the bottom of the full skirts, and aprons of lace, or embroidery. The costumes were finished off (Continued on page 46)

## To a Crab

From THE AMERICAN GIRL Poetry Contest

I saw you in Severn clinging to a pile,  
Eating juicy barnacles,  
Feeling fine on such a warm spring day.  
How did you happen to come up here  
From the warm waters of the bay  
Way down in old Virginia?  
How could you ever crawl so far?  
You have such tiny claws!

You are a sign that spring is coming,  
And that the locust soon will scent the air,  
And that the water's getting warmer.  
I wonder what your fate will be—  
To grow and shed, and grow some more,  
And live to see another summer?  
Or shall I see you, nicely browned and steaming,  
Before me on my plate—a delicious soft crab?

Elizabeth Hollyday Norris

Age 14

Annapolis, Maryland

ures carved in the frieze at one end of the Piazza, and on the galleries and bronze horses of San Marco.

"Look!" cried Giovanna, and pointed to the top of the blue and gold clock tower.

There Sue saw two bronze men slowly striking a great bronze bell with hammers. She watched, fascinated, until they had struck twelve times and stopped. Then she asked Giovanna why the pigeons had all flown away.

"It is because, when the bell strikes at twelve and at two every day, they are fed."

"But there are dozens of people feeding them all the time," protested Sue. "Why should they need anything more?"

Giovanna answered that only during the tourist season, did the thousands of pigeons have enough to eat. Many of them used to starve during the winters, she said, so, long ago, a kind Venetian left money enough to have them fed. Now, twice each day, an attendant brings a sack of grain, and pours it on the pavement around four sides of a square, the pigeons covering it immediately in a solid mass. In two minutes not a trace

# All the

Illustrations  
by  
Katherine  
Shane  
Bushnell



# Answers

By  
HAZEL  
RAWSON  
CADES

Good Looks Editor,  
Woman's Home Companion

## *What to do about freckles, sunburn, a nice even tan, and all the other problems of a summer spent outdoors*

IF there are questions troubling you just now about your looks, I would be almost willing to wager that you will find them with their answers on this page. How to avoid sunburn. How often to shampoo your hair. How to keep a pink and white complexion. How to tan painlessly and evenly. These are the questions that girls ask me every year. I'm going to let you read some of the letters which I receive, and the answers, too, for you'll learn from them many things you ought to know about keeping attractive and comfortable during the summer months. Here are the letters:

DEAR MISS CADES:

What can you do about freckles? I am one of those girls whose face and arms just seem to attract them. Is there any way to prevent or cure? *Brownie*

DEAR BROWNIE:

I am terribly sorry, but I am afraid you will just have to wear a hat. There is no preparation which will prevent you from freckling, if you have the type of skin which freckles easily. There is nothing which will take off freckles safely. You can use a protective cream and a dark powder on your face and arms, but if they are exposed they will still freckle to some extent. Really the only thing to do is to protect them from the sun. Unless freckles are becoming!

DEAR HAZEL RAWSON CADES:

Will you please tell me what is the best thing to do for a bad sunburn? *E. L. R.*

DEAR E. L. R.:

The best thing to do for a bad sunburn is *not to get one!* Seriously, however, if you are so unlucky or unwise as to let your skin become irritated in this way, the thing to do is to apply an oil, or oily cream, right away. Mineral oil, olive oil, or cold cream will do. Do not wash the skin until the irritation has subsided. If the burn is really bad, or does not react properly to this treatment, of course you should see a doctor. Sunburn may be serious, you know.

DEAR MISS CADES:

How can you get a nice sun tan without burning? I look well with a tanned skin, and anyway I swim a lot, and play tennis,

and can't fuss about keeping the sun off. Can you tell me how to keep my skin from getting irritated without my having to wear a lot of goo on it all the time? *G. G.*

DEAR G. G.:

If you are careful to expose your skin gradually, timing the exposures at first (starting with a few minutes), you can sometimes get a gradual painless sun tan. You should use oil, however, all the time, though you do not need to drip with it. If you do not like oil, there are various creams which you can use as substitutes, which are specially made to protect the skin and let it tan without burning.

DEAR MISS CADES:

Do you know what's the best thing to do for poison ivy and bee stings? I'd be awfully grateful if you could tell me. *Jeanne O.*

DEAR JEANNE O.:

I understand that the best thing to do, if your skin comes in contact with poison ivy, is to scrub it immediately. Laundry soap is a good solvent, which is what you need to dissolve the oily substance from the poison ivy. After scrubbing the skin, apply a disinfectant such as pure grain alcohol. For bee stings or mosquito bites, a little dab of alcohol is also the best thing. But for either a bee sting or ivy poisoning which does not react to treatment right off, it's best to see your doctor.

DEAR MISS CADES:

Will you please tell me again the name of the powder lotion that is good to put on pimples? My skin is oily and I have trouble once in a while with pimples, though I am trying very hard to follow your directions for cleansing it,

and I have given up "between-meals!" *Anne C.*

DEAR ANNE C.:

I think the lotion you mean is calamine lotion which you can get from your druggist. It is slightly antiseptic, drying, and healing. It is often helpful to a skin such as yours, if applied nightly.

DEAR MISS CADES:

How does one keep one's hands nice—and work in the garden? I try so hard to keep my nails neat, but I can't always wear gloves, and my hands never seem to look right. I'm disgusted. *Dorothy G.*

DEAR DOROTHY G.:

There are special pastes that you can rub over your hands before you work in your garden. They coat the skin and keep the dirt out. When you are through gardening, they wash off easily and the dirt comes with them. I also find it very helpful to my nails to scratch them down across a cake of white soap before I garden. The soap fills up the undernail spaces and keeps out the dirt beautifully. Why don't you try this and see if it won't help you?

DEAR MISS CADES:

How often should I shampoo my hair in the summer? I do it every two weeks in the winter, but that doesn't seem to be enough in hot weather. Is it harmful to shampoo oftener? *Alice K.*

DEAR ALICE K.:

It is not harmful to shampoo your hair when it is dirty. As a matter of fact, it is much more harmful not to. Perspiration and dust must be removed, and the scalp kept clean. Also, if you are going in bathing in the salt water, shampoo frequently.



## The Witch Stick

(Continued from page 10)

hillsides in its soft white light. Down the steps, across the terrace, and into the garden, stole Patsy. Albertine met her half way, with the witch stick in her hand. It was about two feet long and shaped like a Y.

"That . . . ?" whispered Patsy, with a muffled laugh. "What on earth can that do?"

"For me, who have power over it, it will work a miracle."

They made their way stealthily to the spot where the men had been drilling. Albertine began her mysterious work there, holding the Y-shaped stick upside down with both hands, balancing the long point in the air. She walked back and forth in the moonlight, looking like a charming witch.

"If the point in the air begins to pitch forward, we shall be approaching a vein of water; if the point rights itself to its original position, we shall be going away from the vein," she murmured.

But the point of the hazel switch did nothing at all.

"There's no water here, Patzee. Let us try the woodland," said Albertine. "I can feel the stick drawing in that direction."

Patsy shivered. It was dark in the forest and scary, in spite of the moonlight and the friendly beam of the flashlight, but she followed her new friend up the hill, and into the deep shadow of the trees.

"Has the stick moved yet, Albertine?" she whispered, tense with interest. "Will it really move all by itself? You wouldn't

twist it, would you—not even a little bit?"

"If I did, it would not point to the hidden water. No, Patzee, it will move of its own accord, because it is an enchanted stick."

Suddenly, Albertine stopped short. "Ha!" she breathed. "The tip is turning downward!" She took a step in one direction, then a step in the other. "It is pointing directly to the ground. I can feel it," she whispered. "It is here! There is water here, and in a minute now I shall find it."

"If it were only daylight," muttered Patsy. "I can hardly see a thing."

"Here, Patzee! We shall find water here. The stick is bending to the ground. I think it is a real spring."

Patsy found the spot with her flash. She could hardly believe her eyes when the beam fell on a little stream of water, like a string of crystal beads sparkling in the light.

"It's too marvelous! You are a darling to have worked this magic for us, Albertine. And to think that I believed it was all just a superstition—about certain people being able to find water with a witch-hazel wand, I mean!"

Albertine hung her head. "Oh, Patzee, you make my conscience hurt me very much."

"What do you mean?" Patsy's eyes were round with astonishment.

"Well, you see," said Albertine, "it was—how you call?—a joke, about the hazel stick. It is not a magic stick, Patzee. It is just a stick."

"But what . . . ?" stammered the other girl. "You *did* find water, whether the stick is magic or not. How did you do it?"

Albertine answered: "All the town knows of the spring in the woodland back of the Villa Clemène. Only you, the Americans, did not know it. It has not run dry for a hundred years. I have been here many times. The engineers know it, too. They are cheating your father. I wanted to warn you, but I was afraid of them."

"I thought 'I will show her the spring, without telling her about those greedy men.' And then I thought, 'It will be fun to pretend to have a witch stick, and to lead this Mademoiselle Patzee to the spring. She will think I am very smart. . . .' But instead you are very angry, Patzee, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

Patsy stood a moment in thought. Then she threw her arms around the French girl. "Of course, I'm not angry, you nice Albertine," she said. "I like a joke, even if it's on me. And I know my Dad will be as grateful to you as I am for showing us the spring. Of course, we'll never tell the engineers, or anybody else, how we found it."

"I like you very much," sighed the French girl.

"And now that I have found somebody of my own age to have fun with," Patsy went on eagerly, "let's see each other every day, shall we? If we could pal around together, I wouldn't be lonely any more at the Villa Clemène."

"I should like that very much, also," replied Albertine.

## Bright Lagoon

(Continued from page 22)

plenty of copying, because he's always re-writing them. He types the rough draft, first, as he goes along, but it makes him nervous to try to copy it after it's done. That's one reason I taught myself on his machine. I'm not—not awfully fast," she confessed. "But I don't make many mistakes, and I turn out neat work."

"Well, I'll make you a business proposition, young lady," the doctor declared, smiling at her. "If it doesn't appeal to you, that's the end of it, of course. But I'm very much in need of a typist myself, one who's accurate and neat. The speed doesn't matter. My own secretary, who was to have come down here with me, has been delayed by her mother's illness. I hadn't realized how far we would be from a town, and now I'm rather up against it for help. I wonder if you could spare me about two hours early in the mornings, to copy a book on nervous disorders I'm working on? It would be worth ten dollars a week to me, until my secretary comes down, if you'd care to think it over. My handwriting's not hard to decipher—I don't make my first draft on a typewriter, as your father does."

Mandy's amazed and breathless acceptance of his offer amused and pleased him not a little. He had gathered, from talk he had heard on his arrival, that the Gaylord family was decidedly hard up; and he approved Mandy's friendly, competent manner. He guessed, shrewdly, that anything she agreed

to undertake would be done faithfully and well.

Josephine and Carroll were equally astonished, and very much impressed, by Mandy's relation, on the way home, of her having landed her first job. Ten dollars a week—for just a few hours a day, too—seemed an incredible sum to all three of them.

"I'm going to save most of it," Mandy decided, "toward that business course I want to take, and it will buy us all material for some new dresses. Aunt Sam can make them for us."

Carroll squealed with delight, but Josephine looked faintly troubled.

"I don't think you ought to spend your own hard-earned money on us, Mandy darling," she protested.

But to that Mandy turned a resolutely deaf ear. She began to talk, very fast, about the swimming party to which they had invited their neighbors the following morning. Swimming in Bright Lagoon was always fun, but with a real party and a picnic lunch on the banks—Aunt Sam would put it up for them—the familiar sport acquired new and thrilling possibilities.

It was so hot, even for Florida, in the morning, that the picnic lunch they had meant to have on the lagoon bank was eaten instead in the cool shade of the paved patio, with the bright glory of the Bougainvillea blossoms and the hibiscus all about them.

Swimming in the warm, still water had been a lazy delight, but not particularly

conducive to violent exercise. The Ashton boys and Mandy did what active swimming was attempted, while Josephine, Carroll and Kits Cronin sat, for the most part, on the hot grass, with their beach capes over their shoulders to keep the sun off. Dr. Ashton and his wife had declined the first part of the program, but were to come over to Bright Lagoon in time to join the rest of the party for lunch.

The young Gaylords, satisfied that their costumes of the previous evening had passed muster, were not at all unhappy this morning over the contrast between their faded, mail-order annettes, and the hand-knit, pale golden bit of Biarritz beach fashions that rather briefly adorned the lovely person of Kits Cronin. Kits was the most beautiful thing alive, in the warm light under the palms, with her flushed, rose and white complexion, and a faint cream tan beginning to tint her slender arms and legs after a week of Florida sun. But Kits Cronin, lovely as she undoubtedly was, couldn't swim far without puffing, even in that mill pond water, and as for diving—she said she didn't like to get her hair wet, and that was that.

Josephine, Carroll and Mandy all swam like young fishes, and had breath and endurance for long-distance racing that put Joel Ashton on his mettle, keeping up with them. Jon said frankly he was no athlete, and placidly continued his leisurely crawl, quite undisturbed (Continued on page 42)



# Five Oregon Scouts Go Climbing



*through noble forests  
to snow-covered peaks*

By ELIZABETH and  
KARL W. ONTHANK

THERE is a strain of the gypsy in every healthy girl.

Girl Scouts everywhere long for the open trail, for days that begin when one awakens in one's snug blankets in the open, and end in drowsy glimpses of stars just beyond the tree tops, and of winking camp fire coals darkening into the dusk of night.

We love it, and we never have enough, even though our Far-North-Western forests, mountains, and sea coast give us more room for roving than people have in most parts of our country. But even we do not often climb peaks of perpetual snow, or go exploring mountain roads and trails, swimming in lovely lakes, and camping wherever night overtakes us. This is the story of one such adventure which we are happy to share with other Girl Scouts.

There were six of us, Edna, Ernie, and Betty, all fourteen years old; Lois and Billie, somewhat junior; and Dad, who assumed the responsibilities of the adventure with, our mothers thought, a shade too much assurance.

After a morning spent getting dunnage bags packed with the minimum of necessities, sleeping bags and blankets rolled, and food supplies prepared and loaded, we departed. Our "light car of well-known make" was loaded, inside and out, with Scouts and baggage. Our start was from Eugene, at the head of the Willamette Valley, in Oregon. Our route was up the narrow valley of the McKenzie River which flows down from the Cascade Mountains at the east, to join the Willamette at Eugene. Our objective was the Three Sisters area of the Cascades, east of Eugene, a region of noble forests, lovely mountain lakes, and beautiful snow-crowned peaks. The summits of the Three Sisters are each above ten thousand feet; all three bear perpetual glaciers. We planned to climb the South Sister, the highest of the three, and to follow a new and untraveled forest road.



IN THE SNOW-FILLED DEPTHS OF THE VOLCANO, LYING BETWEEN THE CRATER RIM AND THE FACE OF THE GLACIER (LEFT) WAS A TINY LAKE, FROZEN SOLID

The first afternoon, we sped smoothly along the new highway skirting the banks of the McKenzie, a clear, strong river. Before mid-afternoon, we were at Blue River, a limpid stream joining the McKenzie. We were drawn irresistibly into the transparent depths of one of its pools, but our swim there was brief for, like most mountain streams, its waters are decidedly cold. Then we sped on. Soon we left the stream, and climbed up out of the valley upon the main

mountain range toward McKenzie Pass, where the highway crosses the divide and drops down into eastern Oregon.

By dinner time, we were parked beside Scott Lake, a beautiful pool on the summit plateau, in which the gorgeous picture of the Sisters in sunset colors was reflected. An old raft abandoned by fishermen furnished after-dinner amusement, especially when a misjudged shove with the pole set

(Continued on page 38)



## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### "THAT GUY TUGWELL"

"Too many professors, with Communistic ideas, are trying to run our Government these days."

That's the accusation we've been hearing ever since President Roosevelt began to form his "Brain Trust" of academic advisers. So it was on the cards that Rexford Guy Tugwell, who went from a college classroom to a Government office in Washington, should



come in for attacks. He had been a professor of economics at Columbia University, in New York City. After Roosevelt's inauguration, he became Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, and one of the President's right-hand men.

The fire of criticism grew hotter for him late last spring, after Roosevelt appointed him Under Secretary of Agriculture, a step upward for Dr. Tugwell.

A Senate committee, afraid that he had "Red" theories, fired broadsides of questions at him. But he insisted, stoutly, that he was a conservative, loyal to the Constitution. His appointment was overwhelmingly confirmed.

The son of a fruit farmer in upper New York State, he began, early, to show an exact and penetrating mind. After graduating from a school of finance he worked hard at building an academic career.

Amusingly enough, at Washington he's known as well for his careful choice of suits, socks, and ties as for his weighty brains.

His guiding conviction is the idea that this country is "lopsided" because business profits have been centered in the hands of the few, rather than in those of the many. And this idea chimes in harmoniously with Roosevelt's philosophy of the New Deal.

### TAPPING A WORLD OF POWER

The startling proposal of a scientist, the late Dr. C. E. Grunsky, recently came to light.

The core of the earth, he said, is a vast reservoir of gas. So, according to his idea, we ought to sink a shaft about two hundred miles deep, and use the gas to run our machines.

A rather mean trick to play on old Mother Earth, don't you think?

### LET'S HOPE THE SUN CAN CHANGE ITS SPOTS

Last spring may go down in history as "the spring of the great drought." Continental Europe suffered. England was drier than she'd been since 1858. And in our North Central West we had the worst drought in our history.

One discouraging thing about such dry periods is that meteorologists—experts on the weather—don't know what causes them. If they could be foreseen, they might be prepared for, to some extent. Experts think they may be due to sun spots.

Sometimes a drought in one part of the United States has been offset by increased rainfall in another. Thus, while the North Central West was suffering, the Atlantic Coast region got more than its share of moisture.

It's all highly mysterious. But weather men are still hopeful of solving the puzzle.

### THE STORK'S BIGGEST ORDERS

When five baby daughters were born, at one time, to Mrs. Ovila Dionne, of the Canadian village of Corbeil, Ontario, telegraph services flashed the news to every corner of the globe. But few people believed that the five little girls could live. Thirty-two sets of quintuplets had been born since the year 1694, and death had left no group of them intact longer than four days. The longest-lived single quintuplet known to science had survived for only fifty days.

For many hours it seemed as if at least three of the little Dionne girls would die speedily. Then an incubator arrived, and its even warmth saved them. As weeks passed, and all five record-breaking mites kept right on living, interest in them still ran high. Neighbors, armed with clubs, stood guard



around the Dionne home, to keep the inquisitive from intruding.

The case of the Diones made people ask themselves just how many babies could come to one mother, at one time. The answer is: Six. But that almost never happens, according to Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, an authority. All existing authentic records, he states, show only two cases of sextuplets.

### HASTE MAKES WASTE OF LIFE

The United States is thought of, abroad, as a nation of reckless motor-car drivers. Before last January, the country's record was a disgrace. Since January, it has grown even blacker.

The Travelers Insurance Company has collected figures which tell the tragic story. Last year, twenty-nine thousand, nine hundred people were killed in automobile accidents, and more than eight hundred and fifty thousand injured. In the past four years, approximately one hundred and twenty-five thousand were killed, and about four million



injured. Six times as many Americans have lost their lives in motor-car accidents within the last ten years, as died by battle in the World War. Appalling, isn't it?

Deaths and injuries resulting from excessive speed outnumber those from any other single cause.

President Roosevelt, in a recent statement, declared that the nation can no longer afford to temporize with the problem of such constantly increasing accidents. "Those who use the highways," he said, "must realize the responsibility they assume when they take the wheel." Many towns have put the same thought into less polite language. They have displayed signs that read: "Go Slow and See Our City. Go Fast and See Our Jail."

### WHEN HANDS HELP HEADS

"Work with your hands while you learn." This is the rule back of the inspiring accomplishments of boys and girls at Blackburn College, at Carlinville, Illinois.

In 1912, Dr. William M. Hudson, a Princeton man, took over the presidency of Blackburn, then a collection of tumble-down buildings, determined to make an upstanding self-help college out of it.

No student is admitted who can afford an expensive education. And every student works with his hands. There are now two hundred and sixty-two enrolled: roughly, half boys and half girls. They take care of the campus, buy the food, prepare it, serve it, and wash the dishes. They run the laundry, the heating plant, and a farm of two hundred acres. A committee of four—two boys and two girls, with the title of work-managers—exercise general supervision. Every student is expected to put fifteen hours a week on manual labor.

Blackburn has no false pride. When a street in Carlinville was torn up for repaving, it was found to have a layer of buried bricks beneath the worn surface. Blackburn students were allowed to cart them away. They used them to build an incinerator, a barn, and to veneer the gymnasium.

Some time ago President Hudson received a gift which, from his point of view, was valuable: a number of old Pullman cars. Strong-armed students removed the wheels, tore out the lower berths, preserving the upper ones, and converted each section into a sleeping room. So was a time of pressure for dormitory space tided over.

Each, on entering, is asked to bring two hundred and twenty-five dollars, if possible, to cover expenses for the year. But this is an elastic rule.

Blackburn is only one of a number of self-help colleges. But its record is outstanding in a splendid, growing movement.

#### ALL ISN'T RUBBER THAT BOUNCES

A young chemist, working away in a laboratory at Notre Dame University, had a brilliant idea. "Why not try to make synthetic rubber from acetylene?" he asked himself.

That was 'way back in 1906. The young chemist is now the Reverend Julius Arthur Nieuwland, and his dream has materialized in tires which rubber trees have nothing to do with.

These tires stand high-speed skidding and heat as well as if they were real rubber. Into their making goes salt and water, together with the acetylene, which is a gaseous product of coal and limestone.

This synthetic rubber is expensive to produce, but a cheaper way of making it may be found.

And now, from Russia, comes the startling news that they are producing rubber from sawdust—or, rather, from alcohol which is made from sawdust.

How worried rubber planters must be!

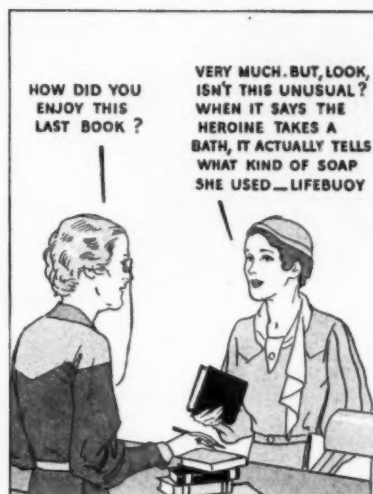
#### GOOD NEWS FOR POOR PETS

Skies are brightening for pets of the unemployed. The Humane Society of New York is setting an example to other cities in establishing free clinics for dogs, cats, birds, monkeys—any animal whose master or mistress is out of work.

There must be something fundamental about this idea of service for suffering animals, pay or no pay, for, quite independently, it popped into the head of Bingo, a Boston bull pup resident of Frederick, Maryland.



Bingo's mistress took him once, and once only, to Dr. R. V. Smith, to have his ear treated. Bingo was helped, but not cured. So, doubtless murmuring to himself, "I've got no money, but—" he trotted to the doctor every day for a week, barked for admittance, climbed on to a table, and had that ear thoroughly attended to.



#### Don't let "B.O." stand between you and your friends

HOW tragic that so many people are unconscious victims of "B.O." Yet it's so easy to play safe—prevent the danger of offending. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy's rich, hygienic lather purifies and deodorizes pores—effectively checks "B.O." Lifebuoy is different. You can tell it gives extra protection by its clean, quickly-vanishing scent. Use Lifebuoy for a clear, fresh skin, too.

FREE: Send coupon below for free school-size Lifebuoy and Wash-up Chart so many girls depend on for their daintiness reminder.

free



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LEVER BROTHERS CO., Dept. 148, Cambridge, Mass.  
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I PROMISED that I would tell you about some mystery stories this month, and I shall live up to my promise. But I wish, too, to give you another suggestion for your summer reading. I have always wondered why people think of "summer books" as necessarily stories. For it seems to me that vacation days are just the time to go book exploring. Perhaps something you happened upon in school last year was especially interesting, but you didn't have time to get any books from the library about it. Or you may have seen an article in the paper, or in a magazine, that struck you as something you would like to know more about. This, then, is just the time to follow up those leads, tracking them down for yourself because it's fun. My first suggestions have to do with this kind of book exploring.

### The Romance of Everyday Things

To me, the story of how the things around us came to be as they are is always a fascinating one. Though I am not the least bit mechanical, I thoroughly enjoyed *The Carpenter's Tool Chest* by Thomas Hibben (J. B. Lippincott Company and Junior Literary Guild) which gave me the story of tools through the ages, from the first primitive ax to the present-day electric drill.

And I have been equally fascinated with *A History of Everyday Things in England* by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell (Charles Scribner's Sons)—which would be the same, of course, in the United States. We all know what happened when the usefulness of steam in running machinery was discovered. In all the history of the world, no other single discovery changed life so completely. But we are likely to think of that change in terms of engines and ships, rather than with the camp suit you put on this morning, or what you had for breakfast. Yet steam changed such things as well.

Haven't you often wondered why it is that people in certain countries have the kind of houses they do? Haven't you wished to know why so many of their utensils are different from ours? You will find the answers to such questions in this book. And as you read on, your own clothes, the furniture in your home, all the many little things around you this very day will have romance for you, for you will discover how they came to be as they are. Even your own street, your own town, your vacation trip, will have unexpected interest for you, for there are chapters about towns and trains and ships.

## By HELEN FERRIS

Editor-in-Chief, Junior Literary Guild

### Mystery Stories to Your Taste

In choosing these particular mystery stories, I asked myself why I decided upon them. One reason for my liking them, I am sure, is because the characters are interesting to me, real people not merely author's puppets. Another reason I like them is because each is laid in a place about which I enjoyed reading as I went along, and with a plot that is not hackneyed and ordinary. Some are mysteries which were published a number of years ago, others are more recent.

*Pool of Stars* (The Macmillan Company) stands out because it is a Cornelia Meigs book—and Cornelia Meigs is an author who, as you know, never lets you down. She always tells a real story, this one being about Betsy who gives up a trip to Bermuda with a rich aunt in order to get ready for college, but in so doing spends an interesting summer solving the mystery of a ruined house, with the help of David, a neighbor boy. *Apple Pie Hill* by Helen Forbes (The Macmillan Company) is another steady favorite, in which Cornelia Barnell decides to solve the mystery of the family's heirloom silver that was said to be hidden in the old Revolutionary house that had belonged to the Barnells for generations.

It is interesting to see the number of good mystery stories that are laid in times past. I have always liked Augusta Huiell Seaman's historical mysteries best of those she has written. Some of them have to do

with girls and boys of today, but the mystery itself goes back into days gone by, and following the clues leads the reader into picturesque surroundings. *The Dark Star of Itza* by Alida Sims Malkus (Harcourt, Brace and Company) does this, too. It is the story of a mysterious prophecy, of the glory and destruction of Chichen, one of the lost cities of the jungle of Yucatan, and of the love and sacrifice of the Princess Nicete, daughter of the High Priest. *Tod of the Fens* by Elinor Whitney (The Macmillan Company) is about a fifteenth century English mystery, surrounding the disappearance of the keys of the town coffers, which causes some intricate and amusing complications. *Lost Indian Magic* by Grace and Carl Moon (Frederick A. Stokes Company) is a mystery about a lost magic jewel belonging to an Indian tribe, and of the dangers and difficulties which beset an Indian boy in his effort to restore it. *The Seal of the White Buddha* by Hawthorne Daniel (Coward-McCann) is a mystery of clipper ship days, of charming Hope Winchester and the adventures she encounters when she sets bravely forth for China in 1847. *John Baring's House* by Elsie Singmaster (Houghton Mifflin Company) is a story of Gettysburg, and the solution, by a boy and girl of today, of the mystery that darkened their grandfather's name.

### Mysteries of Today

For thrilling adventure as well as mystery, try Howard Pease. His story, *The Tattooed Man* (Doubleday, Doran and Company) will take you out to sea—and what is more exciting than a mystery on a ship? Mr. Pease's new book, *The Ship Without a Crew* (Doubleday, Doran and Company, and Junior Literary Guild) is another sea story, with likable Tod Moran determined to solve the mystery of his father's disappearance in Tahiti. Aboard the *Araby* in the Pacific Ocean, Tod and his friend, Captain Janis, find many a clue.

Another real story-teller is Louise Andrews Kent. Have you read her *Douglas of Porcupine* and *The Red Rajah* (both Houghton Mifflin Company)? You will thoroughly enjoy the Douglas family—Alan and Elspeth, the red-headed twins; six-year-old Posy; Jim, the older brother; their mother ready for anything within reason, and their Commander father. You will be as glad as they are, that they have a cousin whose stepfather becomes the Maharajah of Rambra-pore in India. What a chance for the Douglasses! Of course they go to India for the coronation. But that is in the second story, *The Red Rajah*. The first mystery to be solved is on Great Porcupine, the little island up in Frenchman's Bay where the

### You will like

#### JILL FROST

and her friend, Windy, and the twins, as well as her clients, the Burleys

#### JILL'S CLIENTS?

Yes—for Jill is an architect-in-the-making. And during her father's illness, she becomes a real one

#### The House That Jill Built

By Anne Maxon

(Dodd, Mead and Company)

Douglasses spend the winter. A lost map, a real treasure, a pirate—yes, they are all there! Then India with Alan and his stepfather, in *The Red Rajah*, and mystery, startling adventure, narrow escapes and grave danger. How they outwit Chandra Singh of the gleaming eyes will give you plenty of breathless moments.

Another interesting mystery of today is *Luck of Lowry* by Josephine Daskam Bacon (Longmans, Green and Company). The girls in the story are vividly real—book-loving Barbara Wyeth, impetuous and careless, honest and loyal; Sally Follet, pretty and friendly and full of fun; Kathy Wyatt, strange and proud, yet eager for friendship. They have problems to solve, too, in addition to the mystery. I like them. I like the way they tackle their problems.

### Mysteries That Take You Traveling

Now for three mystery stories that gave me delightful trips along with their plots. Our own Lake Superior country, with its wild Northern woods and its water and its islands, came true for me in *When Light-houses Are Dark* by Ethel C. Brill (Henry Holt and Company). And I felt the fog that comes down upon the little, lost launch in which are Lawrence Kingsland and his friends, Margaret, Ralph and Jack Elliott. They find land at last—but where? Not a sign of a town, only deserted fishermen's camps and an abandoned lighthouse. It is late in the season. They must stay where they are. To add to their difficulties, who is the mysterious man who skulks through the trees, stealing some of the scant supplies they have so fortunately discovered? They move into the lighthouse for the winter, and until the mystery is solved, unexpected adventures—some of them very dangerous—are plentiful.

To England next, and a Dolorous Tower near a Druid's ancient circle! In this part of England lived Meg Vipont's aunt, in a house called "Far End" to which Meg goes for a visit. Meg is fascinated by the Dolorous Tower, even though there is something about it that makes her shiver. She is glad when Miles Comyn appears to explore with her. And when Ill-Will, the neighbor who believes in ghosts and spells, tries to keep them away, it is that much more exciting to get into the tower, to discover the secret staircase and the dungeon there. She and Miles could not know that the staircase and the dungeon would play such a part in the adventure that overtakes them all. Was there really a treasure? Was there really a ghost? You will find the answers in *The Luck of Dolorous Tower* by E. M. Ward (Frederick Warne and Company).

For our younger readers, here is a special story, *The Mystery of Castle Pierrefitte* by Eugénie Foa (Longmans, Green and Company). At the close of the eighteenth century, in the little village of Argeles in the Pyrenees, the lovable Monsieur le Curé is sitting in his kitchen eating his simple supper. It is the last peaceful evening the good Curé will have for some time, for to his door come two forlorn, lost boys. Who are they? Why do they hide papers near the ruined Abbey where a ghost has recently been seen? Do ghosts eat food? Who is the mysterious woman in black?

Such questions will pop up to be answered, as you read this well-written, interesting story.



"No tell-tale seams"

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*Made just for the slim-fitting 1934 dresses*

That is the reason why this unusual garment is named "1934." It is new. It wasn't necessary until this year.

It won't reveal its presence by the slightest bulkiness. Not a seam will make a tell-tale line to mar those smooth-around-the-hips new frocks.

"1934" is made by a new method in which the protective section (of purest sheer rubber) is really part of the daintily sheer fabric, set in without a seam. It may be had in several different materials, all sheer, brief and smart. Each "1934" Brieflet weighs only one and one-third ounces. From \$1.00 up.

### and the **SNAPPI** **SPORT GIRDLE**

This is another VENUS garment created for the athletic, busy young woman who wishes a natural-looking, smooth-curved figure. SNAPPI is a tiny, invisible girdle that is closely knitted of Lastex, the new elastic material. It is so light and comfortable that one doesn't feel the slightest strain or pull, yet it hugs each unruly curve smoothly in place. SNAPPI was designed for dancing as well as for sports and many girls wear them all the time because SNAPPI gives one a dressed-up yet natural appearance. They are made both in tearose and white, and priced from \$2.00 up.

*Brassière to match at \$1.00*



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## Five Oregon Scouts Go Climbing

(Continued from page 33)

Betty down with a whoop and a splash in two feet of water. A bed-time dip in the lake by twilight, then sleep—except for the turns and wriggles which are a part of the first night on the ground. After the first night, one is more careful to clear away roots and bumps, and to attend to the other little matters that make camping so comfortable that one scarcely misses the springs and soft mattresses of beds at home.

Long before the sun rose over the eastern ridge, camp was astir and breakfast under way. After a quick plunge in the lake, without which no morning in camp could be quite perfect, breakfast was tucked away where it would do the most good. Then the dishes were washed, beds rolled, and baggage loaded. Good Scouts all, each did her assigned task of camp work, and we were soon under way.

From Scott Lake, the highway climbs through lava fields to the summit of the pass. From Black Crater on the north, and other craters to the south, lava has flowed down so recently that the surface is a tumultuous sea of crumpled cinder rock, absolutely barren of vegetation. To the south, above this desolate scene, the Sisters lift their snowy peaks. The highway crosses the summit at fifty-three hundred and twenty-five feet, and then swings down into the open pine forests of eastern Oregon. These are strikingly different from the dense thickets and deep forests of Douglas fir on the western slopes of the Cascades.

In an hour, we were at the little town of Sisters. Here we replenished gas tank and larder, and secured from the Forest Service office a permit to build camp fires in the national forests—this upon showing that we carried bucket, ax, and shovel, and knew how to keep our fires from spreading.

We turned off the highway on the forest road leading south to the base of the Sisters. A forest road, it should be explained, is generally a track over which supplies may be taken to ranger stations and lookouts, and elsewhere for fire-fighting purposes. It is rarely graded, and is built strictly for one way traffic. When one meets another vehicle, fortunately an infrequent occurrence, one has literally to take to the woods to let the other pass. Along such a road, through the pines, up hill and down, around or over occasional patches of lava, we traveled.

Toward noon, we came to a charming blue lake nestled against the base of Broken-Top, and just below a small snow field. Here

we stopped and swam, but briefly, for the lake was evidently fed from the snow field above. Soon we came unexpectedly upon a new road not on our map, and indeed not yet finished, running to a new forest lookout station on Broken-Top. The road was only a track from which logs and the larger rocks had been removed, so that a car traveling in low gear could creep over it. In and out, among the rocks and winter-battered mountain hemlocks, we wound. Before long, we came to patches of snow nestled under

and how he "spots" the forest fires for which he is always on the watch. We learned that this is done by estimating distance, and by discovering where lines, drawn from various lookout stations from which the smoke can be seen, intersect on the map. The lookout is constantly in touch with other stations, and the Forest Service by telephone.

The Broken-Top station is approximately eight thousand, six hundred feet up, somewhat below the true summit of Broken-Top, but high enough to command a magnificent

view in all directions. The boundless panorama of the plains of eastern Oregon was spread out before us. As far as eye could reach, tawny-yellow wheat fields alternated with pine forests. Nestled at our feet, far below, was the little blue lake in which we had recently had our chilly swim. We lunched among the rocks as we enjoyed the scene.

Leaving the mountain top, we crept back, down the newly opened track to the forest road. Then, as rapidly as a decent regard for springs and bones would permit, we drove down the slopes toward Sparks Lake. Here we entered the graded "Century Drive," a road making a hundred-mile loop through the mountains on the eastern side of the Cascades. Sparks Lake, like many others in this area, is shallow on one side, but on the other, bordered by lava, deep and rocky. At the deep side we had a good swim, welcome after the hot, dusty drive down the mountain. A lively splashing among the rocks at the water's edge attracted our attention. We found a good-sized trout imprisoned behind the rocks. After a brief struggle he was secured, and graced our "table" that evening.

Devil's Garden, our next stop, is a lovely meadow intersected by a brook which springs full grown from under the huge face of a great lava flow. The lava came down the valley a few centuries ago, burying forests and meadows beneath its fiery mass, only to stop abruptly,

leaving this beautiful garden at its foot. Here we were to join the "Obsidians," a local mountaineering club, in whose company we were to climb the South Sister next day.

We camped beside the brook not far from the Obsidian camp, getting our heavy shoes and other climbing equipment ready for an early start in the morning. Girl Scout shorts and tennis shoes are hardly suitable for the burning sun on snow fields, and the sharp lava of the mountain slopes.

At daybreak we were up and off. We drove several miles up to, and across, Wikiup Plain—a high pumice flat, so called

### Camper's Decalogue

By DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

I

Thou shalt not shirk duty, but give of thy best,  
Even cutting up onions—the ultimate test!

II

Thou shalt not be grouchy, but learn how to grin,  
Since pouting in camp is the eighth deadly sin.

III

Thou shalt not be selfish when eats come by mail—  
A tight-fisted camper were better in jail.

IV

Thou shalt not be snobbish, for who can defend  
A camper who fails to call everyone friend?

V

Thou shalt not be lazy, but eager to share  
In the work of the cabin, a mutual care.

VI

Thou shalt not speak sharply of program or food—  
It will sweep like contagion, that critical mood!

VII

Thou shalt not be slovenly—much can go wrong  
If things can't be found in the place they belong.

VIII

Thou shalt not go borrowing raiment or cash,  
Lest a beautiful friendship go neatly to smash.

IX

Thou shalt not be proud where thy skill can excel,  
But help to teach others that they may do well.

X

Thou shalt not hang back—a wet-blanket upsets  
All the gay-hearted plans. Be the one who says, "Let's!"

the northern slopes. At several such spots we entertained visitors—long-pronged mountain mosquitoes from the snow-fed pools!

The track led us finally to a rocky summit, on the crest of which stands the circular hut of the Broken-Top lookout station. Here we were greeted by the ranger in charge. Visitors are always welcome at a lonely mountain top station. A car full of Girl Scouts was an unexpected novelty. The event was no less a novelty and pleasure to the Scouts themselves. They were eager to examine the ranger's maps and instruments, and to find out what a forest lookout does,



because Indians used to camp there in summer—to the base of the mountain. At first the slopes were gentle, and traveling easy. But before long the pitch grew steeper, the sun warmer; and packs, at first relatively light, grew heavy with discarded coats and sweaters. As we climbed above the lower shoulders on to the main mountain, we looked out across the valley through which we had come, and particularly across to Broken-Top where we had been the day before. In the deep valley between lie the Green Lakes, two emerald pools; and, to the south and west, rise the peaks of the Cascades.

Up a steep boulder-strewn slope we went, much of the way beside white, cascading waters of a stream from the glacier above. At the top of this, we came out upon a shelf of glacial debris, heaped up on one side into a glacial terminal moraine as high as a small mountain. Behind this lay, half hidden, a little lake below the glacier, which was itself set into the mountain side above. To the left of this, we climbed up along the old lateral moraine, now high above the shrunken glacier below. Up and up we went, perspiring in the sun, stopping often to take breath.

From below, and miles away, we had seen that the upper part of the mountain was different in color and texture from its base. It had a sort of red cap at the summit, and Dad, recalling previous experiences, had mentioned volcanic cinders. Not until we got our feet into the loose, sliding, volcanic sand, and red lava cinders, did we realize how hard it is to climb a sixty-degree slope (anyway, it *seemed* that steep) in the burning midday sun, when at every step one slides back half its distance.

It was here that Hank—the college boy who, climbing with the Obsidians, had fallen in with us farther down the slope—got in his good work. Hank is a regular mountaineer. He climbs like a mountain goat. So, when going got harder, Hank began acquiring extra baggage until it became difficult to locate him under the knapsacks, coats, sweaters, cameras, and other paraphernalia piled upon him.

Now we were up ten thousand feet, and breath came harder, but we alternated stops for rest with short climbs, and made steady progress. One by one, those ahead disappeared over the crest until all were at the top. Here coats and sweaters were quickly resumed, as a strong cold wind blew across the snow fields.

South Sister, like all of the higher Cascades, is a volcano—extinct perhaps, but so recently lively that its summit is still a well formed crater several hundred yards across, and of sufficient depth from rim to snow field inside to form a well defined bowl: How deep the crater snow is no one knows, but at its lower edge, where the rim breaks off, there is a well marked glacier. The rim on one side is higher than the other. Inside the lower edge, lying between the crater rim and the face of the glacier, is a tiny lake, on this occasion frozen solid.

We scrambled across the snow field and climbed to the topmost pinnacle of the rim, on the edge of the crater opposite from the point where we had surmounted the rim. Here we proudly signed our names in the official record book which is kept there encased in a copper box. Then we lunched, while we looked at (Continued on page 50)

# "Come and GET IT!"



WHEN the sun peeps through the tent flap and the cooking fire begins to crackle, open up a package of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and start eating breakfast!

Crisp, golden flakes. Milk from the farm over the hill. A handful of berries to top off the dish. Then fall to, while the bacon broils!

There's nothing to appease that first pang of morning hunger like Kellogg's Corn Flakes. That's why experienced campers put them on the list of supplies. They're delicious. No trouble to prepare. Full of quick energy and nourishment. You'll feel fitter, keener all day after such a breakfast.

Morning isn't the only time when you'll be glad to have Kellogg's in camp. Try them for lunch, or an evening snack just before you turn in. They're easy to digest—help you get a refreshing night's sleep.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes stay crisp and oven-fresh in the package because of the *heat-sealed WAXTITE* inside bag—an exclusive Kellogg feature. No cooking. Ready to eat. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

## Kellogg's FOR FLAVOR



Ask at grocers for the new 48-page Kellogg Swimming Book. FREE with the purchase of 1 package of Kellogg's PEP!



### A New Kind of Club

BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND: I adore AMERICAN GIRL stories so much that I felt I must write to you. *The Gate Crasher* was grand, and *'Fraid Cat* also. Please have some more stories about Diana and her dog. I really can't express my gratitude to the editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL, as there are such wonderful things in the magazine.

My friend, Mildred, is writing you, also. Millie and I have organized a club, and our object is to make up jokes, and titles for the covers.

Ann Leahy

BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND: I am fully in favor of THE AMERICAN GIRL. In January I received my first issue, and I am wild about *The Detective Club*, and think Betty Bliss very clever. *Love Me, Love My Dog* was grand, too.

My best friend, Ann, and I are starting a club concerning THE AMERICAN GIRL. We are going to send in jokes, and enter most all contests.

Mildred Littlefield

### Lois Enjoys Articles

MANKATO, MINNESOTA: The June number of THE AMERICAN GIRL came today. For two years I have been an enthusiastic reader of this magazine. Each copy seems to be more interesting to me than the preceding one.

I have followed the story *Keeper of the Wolves* with the keenest interest. Now that the story is finished, I hope we will soon have another by the same author. Speaking of authors, I think THE AMERICAN GIRL has chosen the very best writers.

Much as I enjoy every story in the magazine, I am even more enthusiastic over the articles that are of such vital importance to girls, such as, *Design for Tennis*, articles on choosing your career, and those pertaining to etiquette. The article *Your First Dance* came a few days before I attended my first real dance. Needless to say it was of the greatest interest to me.

We are required to read and make a report on one book a week. I have found the articles on books by Helen Ferris very helpful in choosing my reading material. I adore the cover designs by Ruth Carroll, and I often wonder how she can think up such clever ideas.

Lois Jeannette Hawk

### American Girls in Art

ALBANY, NEW YORK: I have just finished reading THE AMERICAN GIRL for June, and I want to tell you that I think some of the best stories I have ever read were in that issue. *The Gate Crasher*, by Edith Ballinger Price, was too grand for words.

Let's have more of her semi-nautical stories. Another story that I particularly liked was Kenneth Payson Kempton's *Brother-in-Arms*. Let's also have more stories from him in the nearby future.

An article which especially helped me was Beatrice Pierce's *When You Go Traveling*.

There is one more thing I would like to comment on. That is the "American Girls in Art" series. I look forward to them every month, but I wish they were a little larger so I could frame them.

Corrine Kramer

### The American Girl

*When the postman comes around, you see,  
He seldom has a thing for me—  
Letters for Mother, and Father, too,  
Though letters for me are very few.*

*But once each month something will arrive,  
For which I promptly make a dive—  
Filled to the brim with things that are new,  
Articles, stories, Girl Scout news, too!*

*"Laugh and Grow Stout," I can always spy,  
"A Penny For Your Thoughts" is found  
close by;  
"Ellen" and "Cynthia" are often there,  
"Em" and "Kip," an interesting pair,*

*"Good Times with Books," a most helpful  
page,  
And Ruth Carroll's covers which are the  
rage.*

*All the rest is fine! I'll say no more,  
But high, as I read, my spirits soar.*

Laura Hughes

Johnstown, New York

### Good for Father!

PORTAGE, PENNSYLVANIA: I have received six numbers of THE AMERICAN GIRL—and am I tickled with it! I'm not the only one, either. Besides myself, my sister, my mother, and my father also read the magazine. While my father was reading *Keeper of the Wolves*, he often asked if my AMERICAN GIRL had come yet. I consider him a good judge of stories, books, and magazines, and I am so happy and proud to think that he likes my magazine so well.

I think the articles are just tiptop. They couldn't be better, and as for having too many articles and not enough stories—well, I think that couldn't happen. As I am a girl who travels quite a bit, the article *When You Go Traveling* is certainly interesting and helpful.

Genevieve Boucher

### Different

WASHINGTON, D. C.: I enjoy the new Betty Bliss stories a lot. Betty surely makes a wonderful detective. I wish I were as smart. Let's have many more stories about her. I think the illustrations by Leslie Turner are too cute for words.

Cynthia stories are too few and far between. I give up all hope, and then suddenly one appears! Ellen Wakefield stories are getting that way, too.

I liked *On Dog-Leg Creek* a lot. Imagine some of us living the way Martha Mary does in the story! I think we would have a pretty bad time of it, don't you?

I like Ruth Carroll's covers very much. I don't know why it is, but THE AMERICAN GIRL seems so different from other magazines. Everything in it is much nicer, to me. Keep on having it that way, please.

June Sprague

### "The Gate Crasher" Is Popular

WILMINGTON, CALIFORNIA: I am unfortunate enough not to be taking THE AMERICAN GIRL, but my chum does, so I'm able to read all the grand stories in this magazine.

The June issue is very nearly perfect. *Bright Lagoon* promises to be exciting; indeed, it is certain to be since Marguerite Aspinwall wrote it. I did think there could have been a little more to *'Fraid Cat*, for the plot is good. *Brother-in-Arms* was positively keen. Let's have a sequel where D'Artagnan comes back for the summer.

*The Gate Crasher* was grand. I could just hear Bushy crunching an apple, or something else good to eat—but I'm afraid, if I had been she, the ginger ale and all of the cookies would have disappeared.

Mary Gray

### A Pal for the Summer

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: Although much praise has been given to previous issues of THE AMERICAN GIRL, in my estimation the June number takes the cake.

*Bright Lagoon* sounds so promising that when I had finished the first installment I felt reluctant to leave the darling Gaylord trio and their interesting surroundings. *The Gate Crasher* won me over entirely. Can't we have more stories about Bushy Ryder? I also enjoyed *Brother-in-Arms*.

A story about two of my favorite authors, Charles Dickens and Kate Douglas Wiggin, sent me into raptures, to say nothing of *'Fraid Cat*, and the article on traveling.

I know one thing right now, and that is THE AMERICAN GIRL is going to be of vital importance to me this summer!

Mary Flynn

## Rock Pool

(Continued from page 12)

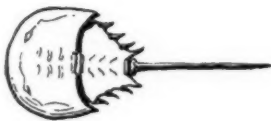
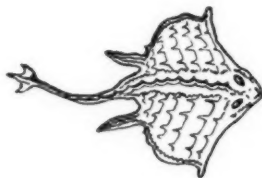
like a hymn inside, after I had looked at my fish and my barnacles a long time, with my toes in the coming tide which would soon blot out my kingdom and merge it with the sea. The summer sun lay on my back like a comforter, and I felt as though there were two of me, one up in the sun, and the other down in the pool and small as a minnow. I went deep into a world edged with rainbows and brighter than mine, and everything that moved there moved in a rhythm that was like the beating of a heart.

Far off, above the bank where the trees leaned over, somebody was calling me to dinner. But I lay there and held my breath, and lived in a small room where the Mother of all life, the Sea, had set up her small

housekeeping. I paid no attention to any summons to dinner. I let the whole family hunt for me. I ran my hands slowly through lands of miracles, and saw rainbows around my fingers, too. I was wandering through wonders that Sinbad the Sailor never had the luck to see.

And then the everyday world came back to me. An avalanche of cold rockweed came down on me with a thud, and my brother ran shouting up the path. I had to break off my dream in the middle, and take after him and pay him back.

And then the old Mother came up the rocks to my best playhouse, spread out her arms, and took back into them the toys she had loaned me for a little. And my pool was a part of the ocean again.



## Queen of the Waves

(Continued from page 19)

water pipe and do some quick pumping. Why?"

"I'm going to radio for help!"

"You're crazy!" shouted Bilge Wyeth, scornfully. "Come down here and do some work."

Ellen clambered down into the hold. But immediately she returned to the deck—with the radio cabinet and its storage and "B" batteries.

"Leave that junk alone, Ellen," flared Bilge. "I've got the sink plugged. Grab a bucket and bail."

"I'm going to send out an S O S."

"You can't do it. That's only a receiving set."

"Fish the tool bag out of the starboard locker," ordered the girl, "and I'll change it into a sending set."

Bilge grabbed Ellen's ankle and tried to pull her down the ladder. Ellen jerked her foot free.

"Listen, Bilge," she said icily. "This boat's foundering, and . . . well, we can't swim twenty-five miles to shore. I read in one of your magazines that a short-wave receiving set can be rigged to send messages that far, and I'm going to radio the Coast Guard base at New London for help."

Bilge stared hard. Then he shrugged his broad shoulders.

"That magazine is lost somewhere in the cabin under four feet of water."

Ellen stiffened. With no boats in sight of flag signals, with no wind to sail the sloop, and with only a two-inch pump to stem in-rushing water, *Halcyon* and her crew were doomed if she could not remember how to send word of their plight to shore.

From below rose Captain Wakefield's deep voice, and Bilge's round face appeared above deck.

"Your father fixed her, Eagle-Eye," he shouted in relief. "Forget your wild radio

ideas and empty this bucket. We need you!"

For a half hour Ellen put the radio out of her mind. Though *Halcyon's* crew might be many hours pumping, at least they were safe. With the first breath of air they could limp back to Block Island under sail. And because she had not been quite certain that she could remember exactly how to re-rig the receiving set, Ellen was as relieved as Bilge that the need for using the radio had passed.

Then she heard whispering below, and she saw the three men huddled in the inundated cabin amid floating groceries, oranges, and grease. Her father looked up, and his words brought Ellen's earlier feeling of panic back again.

"The water's gaining!"

"And we can't figure how!" Tank Beegle's long face showed his worry. "Everything's plugged tight, and there's only a few drops leaking in where your fish left his sword between the port bunks."

Ellen's jaw tensed.

"Then I'm going to radio ashore for help while you keep pumping!"

She moved quickly. From *Halcyon's* tool bag she took a hacksaw and removed the blade. Snapping the blade in two, she screwed one piece to the deck beside the radio, and fastened a length of wire under the screw. With another length of wire, and a second screw in the deck directly under the blade, she had a makeshift telegraph key whose end she insulated with a wad of tape for a handle. Fingers racing, she ran one wire to the positive terminal of the "B" battery, and the other to the set's "B+."

Until that moment she had been unable to recall what to do next. But now the radio magazine's instructions flashed into her mind almost word for word. "Bring the antenna coil close to the main coil. Tune the set until it (Continued on page 43)

## Luckily Marie overheard—



● **GIRLS** who miss out on good times never think that they may be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings.

Dainty girls *Lux underthings* after every wearing . . . perspiration odor vanishes, colors stay like new! *Lux* has no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often have—avoids cake-soap rubbing. Safe in water, safe in *Lux*!





## Bright Lagoon

(Continued from page 32)

because Mandy Gaylord passed him with ease, doing the same stroke, but getting twice his speed up the lagoon.

He only grinned at her disarmingly, and turned back, to climb out, dripping, and drop down lazily between Kits and Carroll under the trees.

Then, fifteen minutes or so later, Joel and Mandy returned, and came to join the group on the bank, to dry out wet bathing suits before they all trooped up to the house to change for Aunt Sam's waiting lunch.

Dr. and Mrs. Ashton had arrived before them, and were deep in conversation with Mr. Gaylord when the bathers arrived. Rather to his daughters' surprise, their father fitted with ease and affability into the day's festivities.

He found a number of congenial topics to discuss with the doctor, and he responded with an almost boyish gallantry to Kits's gay sallies. Mandy, whose eyes were keenest of the three for her father's moods, could tell that he was genuinely enjoying the occasion. She beamed on him with a quaint little motherly tenderness, thinking that probably—poor darling—he had been as much in need of outside companionship as herself and her sisters.

It left her free to throw herself wholeheartedly into the fun, and when Mandy sparkled and bubbled with irrepressible gaiety, there was something so contagious about it that it was enough to make any party a success.

Lunch over at last—for they had made a prolonged affair of it—the Gaylords conducted their guests through the old house at Kits's special request.

The girl had lost, for this day at least, that tragic shadow in her dark eyes, and was as full of fun and teasing quips as Mandy herself. She had obviously loved every moment of the party, and had no hesi-

tancy in telling her hostesses so. But her highest peak of enthusiasm was reserved for the house itself.

She went into low-voiced ecstasies over the old paneling, over the closed music room with its fascinating array of musical instruments ancient and modern, over the wide-windowed, balconied bedrooms upstairs, over the lovely curving staircase, and the great central hall with its tiny, perfect little stage.

"I've dreamed of a house like this," she said to Jasper Gaylord who happened to be beside her at the moment. "I've seen old Spanish houses in California that I thought were what I wanted, but this—this—" She waved her arms in a graceful, embracing gesture, and spun about on one slender, sandaled foot to face her host.

"I'm no good at giving up what I've set my heart on," she warned him unexpectedly. "And I want this house as I've never yet wanted anything. Have you ever thought of selling Bright Lagoon, Mr. Gaylord?"

For a moment there was a stunned silence in which four pairs of Gaylord eyes were riveted in astonishment on her. Josephine's sharply drawn breath was clearly audible, as was Mandy's frightened, indignant cry, "Sell Bright Lagoon!"

"I'll meet you on a fair price," Kits went on, imperturbably, either not perceiving, or choosing deliberately to ignore the effect of her question. "There'll have to be a lot of money spent on doing the place over, of course. But that will be something to keep me interested and busy down here. It must have been—perfect—perfect," she repeated, her voice thrilling huskily, "when it was first built, and everything was new." She looked about her with a glance of eager proprietorship. Mandy's face burned, and she was ready for a torrent of words when her father's voice stopped her.

She stared at him aghast, not crediting

the evidence of her own ears, for impossibly, unbelievably, he was saying, his forehead creased in a troubled fashion, "Yes, Miss Cronin, I have done quite a little thinking of that very thing, lately."

"Then the deal's practically closed," Kits crowed delightedly, clapping her small hands like a child. "Doctor Ashton, tell him I'm good for the amount we may agree on. You know my resources."

"Undoubtedly you are good for it, Kits," the doctor said, hesitatingly, his eyes on the sudden mute misery of Mandy's white face. "But you're too impetuous, my dear. Think this over a bit, first. Are you sure you won't tire of Florida in another month, and want to get—back?"

"Sure," Kits said firmly, setting her lovely mouth in an obstinate line. "Let's go into your study and talk terms, please, dear Mr. Gaylord. I've simply got to have Bright Lagoon."

"My book," Jasper Gaylord explained, avoiding his daughters' accusing eyes, "has reached a point where further research has become vital. I need at least a year in Germany, and perhaps another in the Holy Land, following up the path of the Crusades." His eyes lighted with their usual enthusiasm when speaking of his life work. If he had been at first a little conscience-stricken at Josephine's breath of horror, and Mandy's gasping protest, he had forgotten them, quite happily, now.

Mandy, both hands pressed hard over suddenly blind eyes, slipped, unnoticed, through the door behind her, into the hot sunshine outside. Her world had collapsed with the swiftness of utter catastrophe, and her instinct was that of a hurt animal, to get away and suffer alone.

*Did the girls lose "Bright Lagoon"? And who was Kits Cronin anyway? You'll find new developments in the next installment.*

## "I Am a Girl Who— never knew what to do with her hands and feet"

I'VE just had the most thrilling experience of my life! I never hoped to meet a real actress, but I have! And she's beautiful, and graceful, and the nicest possible person to talk to—so understanding—and not a bit high hat. It all came about so unexpectedly that my head's still in a whirl, even after three days of thinking it over.

It isn't only meeting Diantha Moon—of course, that isn't her real name—that makes me so excited; it's finding out that she was once very like me—awkward, stumbling, all arms and legs—and that she was even inclined to be fat! Diantha Moon fat! I can't imagine it! Yet she says she was; and as soon as she said it, I could feel a big load roll off my heart because I knew there was hope for me.

It has always been a great sorrow to me that I'm not short and slim and blond, with tiny hands and feet. And Ann, who has been my best friend for years, ever since we started school together, feels the same

way about herself. She's tall, too, but she's sharp and bony, where I'm fat. When we were twelve years old, we first noticed that our legs and arms were always in the way, and that we were taller than most girls of our age. Right then, we decided that whenever we saw a white horse, or a hay wagon, or a first star, we would make a wish to be graceful. And I always added, "May my feet never grow to more than size five!" But before long they measured six-and-a-half, and I lost all faith in wishing, even on four-leaf clovers.

It's horrid to be big for your age—and when you're awkward as well, it's even worse. In basket ball, I always stumbled and fell when I tried to leap for the ball; and Ann was always poking someone with her elbows, without meaning to. But my worst embarrassment came one day when I had to recite a poem in assembly. Every night for two weeks before the awful day, I studied my "piece." After I got to bed I used to dream of going up those platform

steps and standing in front of the whole school, and I'd wake up with the horrors. But my dream was mild compared to the reality.

Well, the day finally came, and I knew that poem backwards and forwards. Of course I was scared to death when Miss Hixby called my name, but I walked down the aisle with the first lines running through my head like a marching tune—"Hail to thee, blithe spirit, bird thou never wert"—and then the crash came. It was a thundering crash, too, for I fell up the platform steps and sprawled there in full view of the school!

It was awful! But the only thing to do was to pick myself up and go on, shutting my ears to the titter that rippled over the room. I don't know how I got through that poem! I mixed up the lines, and mumbled the words. But at last it was over, and I could go back to my seat and look as miserable as I felt.

It was the next (Continued on page 49)

## Queen of the Waves

(Continued from page 41)

squeals. Your key will break the 'B' battery circuit and your receiver will act as a transmitter." Reaching inside the cabinet, she moved the antenna coil.

Then another question plagued her. What wave length was most likely to be heard? For a second she hesitated. Where had she tuned in the greatest number of signals when listening in? Forty meters? Quickly she swung the tuning dial. Then she twisted the volume control high, made the set squeal, and pressed the improvised key to break the squeal into a series of meaningless dots and dashes. The "transmitter" was ready.

"Where are we, Dad?" she shouted, after calling Bilge Wyeth to use his knowledge of code.

"About twenty-two miles east-southeast of Block Island."

Clicking off an international Morse S O S with the home-made sending key, Bilge Wyeth shook his head.

"The mainland at New London must be all of forty miles. Didn't you say this would send only twenty-five?"

"The magazine said it might send five, or it might send fifty-five," Ellen confessed.

Engine grease and oil now covered the beautiful white woodwork in *Halcyon's* cabin, while floating corn flakes, shredded wheat, crackers, and paper matches threatened to clog the pump. Standing on a bunk which was covered by more than two feet of water, Captain Wakefield was forcing the plunger up and down, up and down, while on the hatchway ladder Tank lifted bucket after bucket to Ellen on deck. The boat was filling fast. Unless help came soon they were lost.

With every bucketful of water that she lifted, Ellen heard Bilge's message going out on the air. And with each click of the key went her fervent prayer that the message would be heard. What if she had forgotten to make some slight adjustment! What if the set were not sending at all!

"It won't be long now," Bilge was muttering. "I hope this contraption has been doing its stuff."

Now that it was obviously impossible to keep *Halcyon* afloat more than a half hour, everyone was cool—working until the very end.

"Get the life belts ready, Ellen." Captain Wakefield's voice was calm as Tank Beegle climbed up from the cabin. "We'll take a few minutes' rest before the finish. We're lucky to have such a warm sun."

Making a long line fast to each life preserver, Ellen forced a wan smile.

"Just so we won't get separated," she told Tank and Bilge. "I couldn't let my two pals get lost on a big ocean, could I?"

Tank's answer was a weak grin. And Bilge, his round face screwed up from the agony in his tired wrist, continued to press the hacksaw blade radio key. "S O S—Sloop *Halcyon*—sinking—twenty-two miles east-southeast Block Island."

Captain Wakefield at last emerged from the now fast-filling cabin. He was clutching a short length of brass tubing.

"My patent log corroded," he said bitterly. "Just found it, disintegrated by electrolysis where it came through the hull. Left a three-quarter-inch hole to sink us, on top of everything else that's happened."

"But it couldn't have. Brass doesn't corrode even in salt water."

"Tell that to the manufacturer, Bilge—if we ever reach shore!"

There was no further time for talk. *Halcyon's* rail was nearly awash. Only her cabin top and mast were above water. And it seemed to Ellen only a few seconds before the four swordfishermen were in the water, swimming desperately, while their slim green craft slid down to Davy Jones's locker. Foot by foot her tall mast vanished, until, in a swirl of bubbling green, *Halcyon's* distress signal—the inverted Stars and Stripes—bravely melted into the sea. They were alone, far out on the Atlantic Ocean.

Then Ellen, sighting a floating object, cried out, "Our keg! With the swordfish!"

Swimming toward the barrel, the others following, she seized its lashings and pulled herself slightly out of the water. From her lips came an exultant shout:

"A boat! Look!"

Far to seaward was a silhouette. Anxiously they watched as the steamer seemed to draw nearer. A half hour of nervous anticipation. An hour.

Now Ellen could make out a white hull. She could see the boat for what it was—a big yacht. But . . . but . . . her hopes crashed! For the yacht was not moving toward them any longer. It was going to pass at least two miles to the eastward.

Ellen dared not even glance at her companions. Exhausted from the long physical strain and the vain hoping for a rescue that she knew would never come, she was sud-

denly very cold. Tears came into her eyes.

She rubbed them away. She must not let the others think that she was giving up. She must help attract the yacht's attention. She must keep waving her arm, until . . .

So it was, through a mist, that Ellen saw the yacht abruptly alter her course.

"They've seen us! They're turning!" Her heart raced, and she was warm again.

Presently strong arms lifted Ellen Wakefield into a motorboat that towed her keg and her swordfish toward the yacht.

"What good is that fish now?" She tried to say it lightly. "His sword went down with *Halcyon*."

Bilge Wyeth, mounting the yacht's landing ladder, turned sharply.

"Sobbing about a fish sword, when we darned near lost our lives! Eagle-Eye, you should be sailor enough to know how lucky we are that this yacht happened along."

"Happened along!" The yacht owner, stocky and tanned, stared at Bilge. "Young man, for two hours your ship's S O S has been ringing in my ears, and my engine has been turning over more revolutions per minute than any motors have a right to turn. Happened along, indeed! Your real luck was in my having both a long and short-wave receiver."

Of a sudden Ellen went limp.

"It worked! The radio worked!" she cried. And then, as if from a distance, she heard Bilge Wyeth's words.

"Okay, Eagle-Eye. You're Queen of the Waves, all right."

"Ocean or ether?"

"Both!" said Bilge. And he meant it.

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## If You Are Interested in Tennis

(Continued from page 23)

anticipate, the less you have to run. Once in position, you swing your racket back, with your weight on your back foot, and always facing sideways to the net. You then swing your racket forward to hit the ball, with your weight coming to your front foot at the same time. The follow-through of the stroke is more important than the back swing, although a good back swing helps make a good follow-through. Therefore you must follow-through, pointing your racket in the direction of the ball. If you finish your swing with the face of the racket pointing upwards, naturally the ball will go sailing upwards, even though the rest of your swing is correct. If you finish with the face turning down, the ball will go into the bottom of the net. You must learn for yourself, by practicing, just how much to turn the face one way or another, thus controlling the direction of the ball.

**I**T is hard to describe the actual swing itself, because no two people swing alike. Some people swing straight back and forward; others swing in a circle. No one can say which is right or wrong, but I think that the majority of the best players use some form of arc for both forehand and backhand.

There is, furthermore, the question of grips. More people use the same grip than the same swing, but even grips vary. For instance, for the forehand only, there are the Western grip, the Eastern grip, the Continental grip, and a few in-between grips. I shan't bother to tell about them all, but Bill Tilden describes one very nicely in one of his books. He says that for the forehand you take hold of your racket as though you were shaking hands with someone. I have always remembered this and found it very useful. For my backhand grip, I turn the handle slightly to the right (or my hand slightly to the left) and move my thumb a little way up the side. Some people move the thumb way up, and others don't even move it half-way up, as I do. Here, again,

it is a matter of individual taste, but I always feel that a little support from the thumb will make the grip firmer and less apt to slip. For my serve, I use virtually the same grip that I use for my forehand, with my fingers perhaps just a little bit further apart.

**B**EFORE I stop, I'd like to say something about tennis tactics. It wasn't until I had played for some time that I realized there was more in tennis than "socking" the ball as hard as possible, straight at my opponent. Gradually I learned, mostly by the patience and help of Mrs. George Wightman, that the important thing in tennis is to put the ball where one's opponent is *not*. I also learned that it is better to hit a great many "not-so-hard" balls in court, than just a few "perfect-aces," the rest going out of court. In other words, if you can hit the ball over the net one more time than your opponent, you will win. A soft shot or a chop, every now and then, mixed with your drives, will also help you win. If your opponent is set for a hard drive, but gets a soft chop instead, or vice versa, this change of pace will break up her timing and, nine times out of ten, will either make her miss the next shot, or return it in such a way that you can make an ace. You should plan a campaign out of every point. If you are serving, serve as near a corner as you can in order to make your opponent run. Each following shot must make her run a little further. In this way, you will be able either to force her into error, or make yourself an opening for an ace. If you are receiving, use the same method. Your first return must make the opponent move. The next must make her move more, and so on as before.

There are excellent ways of making the opponent move. There is the side-to-side method: hitting the ball from one side of the court to the other, and finally putting two on the same side. This method will usually catch your opponent, who will be on her way to the other side as you hit

your second to the same side as your first.

Then there is the "long-and-short" method. This takes more skill than any other, but it is also more disturbing to one's opponent. "Long-and-short" means hitting the ball deep into the back court, following this up with a short shot near the net. There is, of course, the danger of hitting the short shot too short, or not short enough. If it is too short, it goes into the net; if it is not short enough, it becomes a set-up for one's opponent. There is also the danger of hitting the deep shot too deep, and over the base line, but one must take chances sometimes in tennis. To be on the safe side, leave a little more margin than you think you may need.

Above all, find out what bothers your opponent the most: whether a lob, change of pace, side-to-side tactics, long-and-short tactics, or pounding the backhand. Keep trying to find her weakness, and if you have to be defensive, be defensive on purpose.

**T**HERE are two more things you should know. One is: get your first serve in court. Don't try to ace your first serve by slaruming it, knowing you will still have a second try, if you miss. The other is: return your opponent's serve in court. If you do these two things, you will be surprised at the results.

In conclusion, I should like to say, "Tennis is a great game." Above all else, have a good time playing it. Enjoy yourself—be a good sport. Don't be bothered or annoyed by your defeats. Treat them as lessons, and learn something from each lesson. Don't be discouraged if, at first or later on, your game doesn't improve rapidly. Keep on playing and playing. Only by playing can you discover for yourself that there is no better game in this world than tennis.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** This article, written specially for THE AMERICAN GIRL by Miss Sarah Palfrey, is the generous gift of the author to the magazine.

## Tell Your Troubles to John

(Continued from page 16)

It was a nightmare thing. She was suspended in the center of a bubble, cruelly, intensely bright. The arc of the sky above her, empty, clear. The dazzling, hissing, substanceless void below. Nothing to cling to, not a straw. Nothing palpable except the weight of the boy's head upon her arm. Then, to the empty beach and silent pier, she screamed for help, screamed with all the breath her aching lungs could summon. But no help came.

John's eyes flew open. Phyl felt a hand on her shoulder strap, and realized that he was helping her. A few moments later they were climbing together, with difficulty, upon the float.

John lay on the board floor with face turned upward to the sun. His eyes were closed and the blood from the cut on his forehead was trickling down his face. He rolled over painfully and, scooping up salt water, tried to wash it off.

After a moment, he pulled himself slowly to a sitting posture; then smiled at Phyl. "I'd give my kingdom for a strip of dry-goods right now!"

A swimming suit certainly had limitations. Not an undergarment from which, in such an emergency, a piece could be torn. Not a pocket handkerchief. But stay! Phyl did have a handkerchief. She had tucked one into the breast of her suit that afternoon as she stood before the bureau at the Ocean House. It was soaking wet, of course, but she had found in the past that a wet hanky was better than none at all.

John took it thankfully. He soaked it again, made it into a pad, and held it against his forehead.

"How did it happen?" Phyl asked.

"I don't know. I struck my head on something when I dived. Perhaps an old timber. It felt like a blacksmith's anvil. It must have come in with driftwood in that last big storm."

Phyl's head drooped forward. The sun drenched her and warmed the cockles of her heart. The little curl between her brows was beginning to recover from its salt bath and to shape itself again into something lovable.

She heard John change his position, and looked up to find his eyes upon her. "You plucky kid," he said huskily. "I hope I haven't finished you this afternoon!"

"Don't call me plucky, Jock! I'm not a brave person. I'm really a coward. I was—terrified."

John's voice was solemn. "When a terrified person does a perfectly stunning thing I'd call that the best form of courage. I owe my life to you, Phyl! That's quite a debt."

A number of people were gathering on the beach. Not for bathing, for eleven in the morning when the ocean was at its warmest, was the accepted hour. A visit to the tea house near the jetty was the afternoon attraction. Phyl recognized Meg's white



dress with the brown polka dot jacket. She saw Ace and Red Cochran. Their voices were plainly audible.

"You're awfully hurt, Jock," she said earnestly. "Shan't I shout to them to bring the boat?"

"Oh, no! It's not a deep cut. I was thinking," John went on slowly, "that we might go in, in style. We've both had a spot of relaxation and, if you don't swim, you'll lose the confidence you gained this afternoon. *Do I see a familiar red hat on the beach?* If I help you at the start, could you swim back entirely on your own?"

Two imps of mischief, leaping from his eyes, kindled an answering spark in Phyl's. She turned and faced him, unconsciously repeating his own words of an hour ago. "You can depend on me absolutely. I know I can do it."

To those on the beach, the two swimmers had been objects of excited and unbelieving conjecture from the moment they dropped off the float and commenced the journey back. Meg was there, Sue Kingsley, and Sally Burke; and Red Cochran, himself in swimming regalia, was adjuring the white-trousered Ace to dash with him into the water and bear Phyl in upon their shoulders.

"Let me tell them," said John, as they found their feet and sloshed through the shallow water inshore. "You're going to get credit for this, Miss Merriam!"

But Phyl hung back. "Oh, no, Jock!" she entreated. "Please don't tell them! Anybody would have done it!"

"If it hadn't been for you," said John, "I wouldn't be—well, I wouldn't be breathing the air this afternoon." He threw back his head and drew in a great breath of the

salt sea-wind. "I'll tell them. But not now. Not until I cease to bleed. I have a fixed antipathy to bleeding in public. Would you think it was awfully rude if I left you? This confounded thing's inundating me!" He stooped again and dashed the water over his head and face.

"Go on, of course! Don't bother about me."

"I could run up through Lang's pasture and find the doctor, stop on the way at the bathhouse for my slicker, and see Mr. Cottle at the same time. I must tell him to put out a danger sign until they find that timber, or there'll be further casualties."

"Yes, do that," murmured Phyl.

"Here comes Red! Hello, Red! Take charge of the lady, will you?" shouted John. And added, "I have to leave her. Grazed my bean diving off the float!" He cut through the water at an angle, and ran at a jog-trot for the bathhouse.

Red seized Phyl's arm, and escorted her to shore, where she was met with an excited babel of voices.

"How did you do it? You didn't swim all the way from the float?" This, from Meg and Sue. "Good girl! You're a winner!" from the boys. "What's the matter with Jock? What did he run off for?" from Sally Burke.

"Oh, I just—swam!" said Phyl shyly, when she could make herself heard. "It wasn't as hard as I thought it was going to be. Jock cut his head a little and had to go to the doctor, Sally. No, I don't think it's anything serious." Then she added, while a smile caught up one corner of her mouth and showed the dimple in her cheek, "Jock Bacon is certainly a wonderful teacher!"

## A Life on the Ocean Wave

(Continued from page 7)

three officers would go aloft to "furl the topsails" and "let down the spanker sheet." Thunderstorms at sea are fearful things—sometimes three or four would start in different quarters and all meet overhead. The sizzle of the lightning as it came down the rigging was a sound which had no musical quality for me. The Gulf Stream is famous for its thunderstorms, and woe betide the good ship whose tall masts attract a bolt! A hole through four planks, and only a piece of water-logged timber on a lonely coast to prove the end!

Our hours off duty were spent on the cathead, the place on the bow just over the anchor. Here we would lie for hours, watching the sharp prow cut the waves. Dolphins, those gaudy monsters of the deep, sea-turtles three to four feet long, porpoises which look like huge exclamation marks as they jump from wave to wave, sharks and swordfish were daily sighted from our vantage spot.

Finally we arrived at Cape Charles. There, at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, the

tugboat met us and the bartering began. "We'll tow you up to Baltimore for two hundred."

"No."

"One seventy-five."

Then a few more miles and the business was repeated. Finally we struck a bargain. "Send a man forward with the hawser," called the tug captain.

I went. I shall never forget the man's face as I threw him the hawser.

"Where's the crew?" he asked eagerly.

"All down in the hold in irons," I replied boldly. By the time we reached Baltimore, there was a first-class story abroad about the mutiny aboard the *Small*.

Sometimes at dusk, the roar of the big city grows suddenly silent, the skyscrapers fade out for me. Once again the sailor lashes the wheel fast, the sails slat lazily to and fro, and the children cluster around the wheel box. I hear my father's voice, "It was a real nor'easter, when we came on the coast in January. The ropes were inches thick with ice, and the sails were frozen so stiff it took the entire crew to tack ship..."



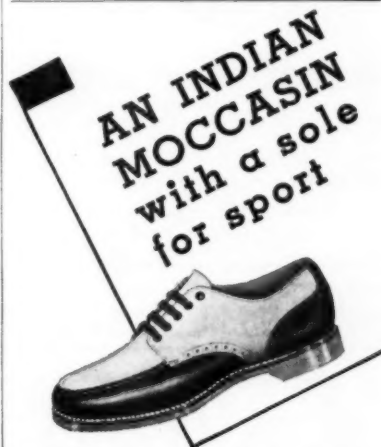
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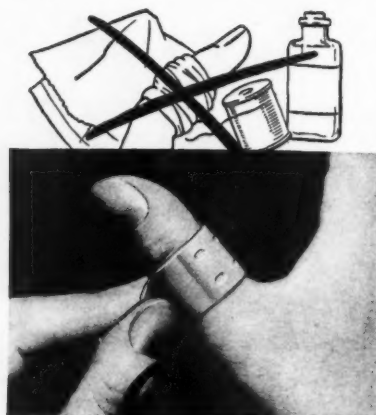


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## Sue Goes to Venice

(Continued from page 30)

with snowy kerchiefs bound around the hair, and necklace and earrings of heavy gold filagree. The Signorina explained that these were almost the only traces of peasant costume now left in Italy. It was fascinating to watch these pleasant nurses with their cunning charges, babes in arms with long pale blue capes, black-haired dolls of girls in ridiculously brief skirts, fat little boys in the smartest of shorts. Sue thought that never in her life had she seen such adorable children.

After dinner they all put on wraps—for Venice is cool as soon as the burning sun disappears—and the three girls, with Giovanna's father and mother, again started off in the gondola, this time to hear the singing boats. They watched the moon come up, apparently right out of the central dome of the church of Santa Maria della Salute, and drifted along to where the colored lanterns bobbed about on the singing barges, and the music of familiar Italian songs was wafted across the waters of the lagoon. Dark shadows of other gondolas slipped past, and the myriad flickering lights were reflected in the mysterious waters. For a time they moved up close enough to the barges to hold on to the long string of gondolas which made a solid mass around the singers. Occasionally one of the chorus would step from one gondola to another, and pass his tambourine for contributions. If the gift were handsome enough, one might ask for one's favorite song. Sue dropped in two lire, and whispered something to the man. Sure enough, in a few moments she heard the lovely old serenade, *Santa Lucia*, ringing out over the water.

NEXT morning Giovanna, all dressed, rushed into her room to tell her to hurry, so she could watch all the boats arriving for the *fiesta*. The two girls hung over the balcony, and saw flower-festooned gondolas; barges full of fisher-folk from the outlying islands, with tables set up in the middle so that they might enjoy their holiday food and drink with no inconvenience; motor boats carrying smartly uniformed officers and their friends; rowboats full of excited urchins. Everything that could float was out for the great occasion. Giovanna told Sue that it was the Feast of the Redeemer, the most important holiday of the year in Venice, and that they were invited to watch the celebration from the balcony of friends who lived on the Zattere, the part of Venice which fronts the beautiful church of the Redeemer on the Giudecca, another Venetian island.

In order to avoid the crowds on the water, they walked to the Zattere, over bridges, down narrow streets where the houses al-

most met overhead, till they finally came upon the open water and the wide promenade along which were anchored bigger ships than Sue had seen elsewhere in Venice. There were coasting vessels, fishing boats, coal barges—painted bright vermillion, or turquoise blue, or apple green, with yellow and orange sails lying furled on the decks.

"Look!" cried Giovanna, and pointed to a bridge built on boats across the wide strip of water. This was the famous Bridge of Boats, of which Sue had read. Barge after

barge after barge, all ranged side by side, held a plank bridge extending from the Zattere right to the doors of the great Church of the Redeemer with its beautiful dome gleaming in the sunshine. Gathered all about it were big boats and little boats, gondolas and fishing boats, barges crowded to the very edges, and the water-side packed with slowly-moving humanity. Giovanna's group could scarcely push themselves through to get to their friend's house and balcony, but

they finally managed to reach it after considerable difficulty.

AFTERWARDS Sue could not tell which part of the day she had enjoyed most, the marvelous procession of bishops and priests and church officials in their gorgeous robes, marching with all the pomp and splendor of the processions which she had seen in old paintings of Venice, across the bridge and through the doors of the church opposite, or the colorful throngs of excited people following, or the gay pageantry of the flower-bedecked boats constantly moving on the expanse of water. At last she decided that it was the evening she had most enjoyed, when the colors of the sunset faded from the sky, and every boat was lit with bobbing paper lanterns, and the air was full of the musical cries and melodious songs of the happy throng.

At the last, against the thick velvet of the night sky, flamed and flared and burst into thousands of scintillating fragments the most marvelous fireworks that Sue had ever seen—the most marvelous because they not only filled the heavens with unbelievable splendor, but were reflected in the black waters, doubling their beauty, as well, in a myriad throbbing lights and colors.

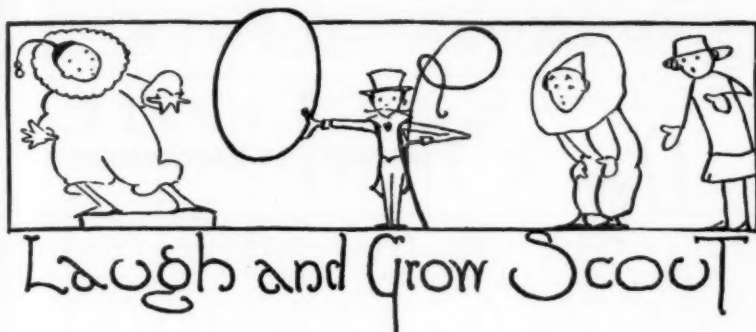
THE next day, when she said farewell, Giovanna bemoaned the fact that Sue had seen nothing really of Venice, and made her promise to come soon again. But Sue knew that what she had seen would stay with her all her life as a glimpse of fairyland. She sighed when the palace door closed behind her, as one sighs when closing a lovely book, still hoping to read it many times again.

## Cover Contest News

The winning title for the June cover is "June + Dance = Romance" offered by Connie Husting of Mayville, Wisconsin. Connie will receive a book as a prize.

Fourteen girls submitted "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or some variation of it; and "June Knights" and "Junior Prom" were also popular. Other good titles were "Magic Lanterns," "Japanesque," and "Sweet and Breezy, Japanesque."

If you think of a good title for this issue's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Please print the title, and include only your name, address, age, and the date on the same sheet. All entries must be mailed not later than August fifteenth.



### Whether or No

A bashful young man was dining at the home of a woman who was slightly deaf. She was filling up his plate a second time when he said, "No more, thank you. I've had sufficient."

"Oh, you went fishing?" she smiled, adding another helping of mashed potato.

"I've had plenty," he repeated, blushing with embarrassment.

"You caught twenty? Well, I call that remarkable luck!" she told him as she handed back his plate.—*Sent by BERYL ESTHER SILLS, Waterbury, Connecticut.*

### Dental

CHINESE PATIENT (on telephone): What time you fixee tooth for me?

DENTIST: Two-thirty all right?

CHINESE: Tooth hurty all right—what time you fixee?—*Sent by MARY MULLINS, New Bedford, Massachusetts.*

### Outraged

Sandy MacChinchy had visited the book store every day for two weeks, each time spending an hour or so reading, but he bought nothing. One morning he came to the storekeeper with a book in his hand.

"Weel, mon," was Sandy's greeting. "what kind o' book store is this, anyway? Somebody has taken my book-mark out of its place!"—*Sent by HELEN A. MILLER, Fort Plain, New York.*

### Right-o!



A boy who was telling about Indians said, "The women are called squaws and the babies are called squawkers."—*Sent by ANNE KITTEL, Casselton, North Dakota.*

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

*Passed!*



FIRST MOSQUITO: What are you making such a fuss about?

SECOND MOSQUITO: Whoopee, I just passed the screen test!—*Sent by JEAN KRISE, Marcellus, Michigan.*

*Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.*

### Souvenir

The doctor's small son was entertaining the new neighbor's boy in his father's study, and they stood looking at an articulated skeleton.

"Where did your daddy get it?" asked the newcomer.

"Oh, he's had it a long time," replied the doctor's son. "I guess maybe it's his first patient."—*Sent by NORMA FINKELSTINE, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.*

### Probable

The teacher had written "97.2" on the board. To show the result of multiplying by ten, she

rubbed out the decimal point. She turned to the class and said: "Now, Alfred, where is the decimal point?"

Alfred, without hesitation, replied: "On the eraser."—*Sent by HELEN EARLE, Plainfield, New Jersey.*

### Wrecked But Not Ruined



"It couldn't be any worse, Sandy," moaned the woman to her shipwrecked companion.

"Ah, but it could," the Scot contradicted, a rare grin wrinkling his dour countenance. "I might ha' bought a return ticket."—*Sent by FRANCES POTTER, Buffalo, New York.*

### Philanthropic

RICHARD: Mother, may I have a nickel for the old man who is crying outside?

MOTHER: Yes, dear, but what is the old man crying about?

RICHARD: He's crying, "Peanuts, five cents a bag."—*Sent by DOROTHY BOS, Holland, Michigan.*

### Seldom

VISITOR: Is this town lighted by electricity?

NATIVE: Only when there's lightning.—*Sent by ALICE ADAMS, Wooster, Ohio.*



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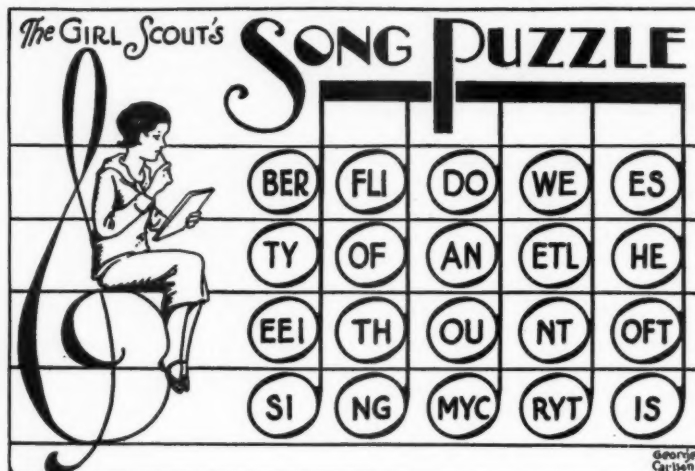


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## OUR PUZZLE PACK



### The Song Puzzle

The subject of favorite songs came up before a group of Girl Scouts lately and someone suggested that it would be interesting to see which of the well-known standard songs had the greatest popularity within their little circle.

When a contest was held where each one voted for their favorite, the winning selection proved to be a very well-known patriotic number. The three first lines of this song form the puzzle shown here and its words can be made from the letters shown on the notes. Begin on the correct note, which happens to be one of the bottom ones, and by moving from one note to the next, either up, down, or sideways, but not diagonally, spell out the lines of the song. Each note is to be gone over once only.

### Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. A South American animal.
2. A fruit.
3. Mingled with.
4. A metal.
5. A corner.

By SHIRLEY SWANSON, Bridgeport, Conn.

### Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change NOSE into CHIN in six moves.

### Charade

My first is in crook, but not in straight.  
My second, in love, is never in hate.  
My third is in rust, but never in stain.  
My fourth is in hurt, but isn't in pain.  
My fifth, in sprint, cannot be in run.  
My sixth is in mischief, but never in fun.  
My seventh is in fold, but not in crease.  
My eighth is in duck and never in geese.  
My ninth is in us, but never in we.  
My whole is what all Girl Scouts should be.  
By MARY JEAN SHAFT, Wichita, Kan.

### Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, eight new words will be formed. The eight added letters will spell the name of an Indian weapon.

1. He 2. Pen 3. An 4. Round 5. Ear 6. Lone 7. Ant 8. Ill

By ELLEN LOUISE WILMOT, Brecksville, O.

### An Acrostic

Write a list of five-letter words, the definitions of which are given below. The second and fourth letters, reading down, will spell the names of two countries situated south of the United States.

1. One who acts, especially for another.
2. Harmony or melody.
3. Regular measured walk.
4. To wander from limits.
5. Gay. Happy.
6. Belonging to Emma.
7. Huge, vast.
8. With raised voice.
9. A food item.

### Ye Olde Time Riddle

When does a dog weigh less?

By GERE DELL SALE, Washington, D. C.

### Hidden Money

The name of a kind of foreign money is hidden in each of the following sentences:

1. I certainly hope soda water will be served when we get there.
2. The old rooster would crow nearly every morning at two o'clock.
3. The black and white calf ran clumsily into the barn.
4. The words hypo, under and beneath mean practically the same.
5. I love to read Omar Khayyam and similar poems.
6. The Greek was a small irascible fellow.
7. Without that smoky old stove, I scrub less often.

## ANSWERS TO OUR LAST PUZZLES

THE PUZZLING TREES: Cedar, Spruce, Hickory, Chestnut, Sycamore, Hemlock, Dogwood.

C H E S S  
H U N C H  
E N T E R  
S C E N E  
S H R E D

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

B E A S T  
E A R T H  
A R B O R  
S T O N E  
T H R E E

WORD JUMPING: Palm, pale, pile, pine.

CHARADE: The American Girl.

ADD A LETTER: The added letters spell OREGON.

AN ENIGMA: William Shakespeare.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: The day without any Eve.

ANAGRAM CITIES: 1. Stockholm, 2. Melbourne, 3. Marseilles, 4. Barcelona, 5. Copenhagen.

## I Am a Girl Who—

(Continued from page 42)

day that Aunt Ellen's letter came, and two days later I was in New York, and Aunt Ellen was planning what we should do during my visit.

"Tomorrow," she said, "I have tickets for Diantha Moon's new play. And after the matinee, I have a surprise for you!"

Diantha Moon! I had never seen her on the stage, but I had seen her pictures in magazines and had read about her, and for years I had thought her the most lovely person in the world. It was so thrilling to be sitting in the theater, and really hearing her talk and watching her move, that I completely forgot Aunt Ellen's promise of a surprise, until she reminded me of it.

"No," she said as I started to follow the crowd out, "we're not going that way." And she led me through a little door back of one of the boxes, through a short passageway, and stopped at a gray painted door.

"This is the surprise," she said as she knocked. "You're going to meet Diantha Moon. We were at boarding school together, you know."

A maid opened the door and we were inside—and Miss Moon was shaking hands with Aunt Ellen and me, and I was trying to think of something to say, and gazing at the gorgeous orchid chiffon dress she had on—the one she wore in the last act.

I GOT seated, somehow, without catastrophe. The room was small, and I was afraid to move for fear of knocking something over. But soon I was talking to Miss Moon as though I had known her for ages. She's that kind of person.

Suddenly she turned to Aunt Ellen. "Do you know, your niece reminds me of myself when I was sixteen—same build, same coloring, and all?"

"Oh, no," I burst out. "You can't possibly have been like me, Miss Moon! Why, you're beautiful and graceful. Your walk makes me think of poetry. You never were fat and clumsy and—"

"My dear," said Miss Moon, "I was awkward and big, and my hands and feet were no end of trouble to me. I never knew what to do with them. Ellen, here, was petite and danced like a Columbine. And she never can imagine the envy I had for her."

"But how—" I looked at her in amazement.

"Finally I went to the gymnasium instructor and told her my troubles. Folk-dancing was her prescription—and lots of it. Also basket ball practice. I danced with grim determination—no enjoyment at all—for the first few weeks. Then I became interested, and my feet moved more smoothly—even off the dance floor—and my hands didn't seem so large, somehow.

"That gave me courage to try out for the school play. I'd always adored acting—I used to mimic people in front of my mirror when I was a child. But I never dared do it before an audience, because I knew I should be all arms and legs and nervousness. Now, with better control of my body, I thought there might be a chance to achieve my secret ambition and have a part in a play.

"I got one, a very small one, the part of a maid who brought on a tea tray and remained through the scene. I managed to do it to the satisfaction of the director, and I

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2 squares unsweetened chocolate  
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¾ teaspoon salt  
¾ to 1 cup hot water

Melt chocolate in a double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and hot water, amount depending on the consistency desired. Makes 2 or 2½ cups.

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didn't drop the tray, either—which was what I should probably have done three months before. The folk-dancing had done its work.

"Another important thing," went on Miss Moon, "is to forget yourself as much as possible. Egotism is the thing that makes us awkward. We think too much about ourselves, and not about what we are doing. Take an inventory of yourself and find out what you are especially proficient in. Then go after that thing hard, and perfect it, whether it's a tennis stroke, a singing voice, or a talent for painting, or writing, or acting. In your interest in something outside yourself, you will learn to forget your awkwardness; and, by forgetting it, you will soon be rid of it. For it isn't the size of your feet and hands that makes you bump and

stumble. It's just your consciousness of them."

She smiled at me—Diantha Moon's famous smile. "Remember, you're not very old yet," she said. "Your type and mine often slims out at the end of its 'teens, without even trying. But if I were you, I would cut down on chocolate fudge marshmallow sundae! That would help, too."

"How did you know?" I gasped.

"Because," she confided, "I adored them, too, and still do. And I knew we were alike in most things."

When we finally said good-by, she asked me to come and see her—and to bring Ann. Do you wonder I'm excited! And do you wonder that, much as I love Aunt Ellen, I can hardly wait to get home and tell Ann that we both may be really graceful some day!

# Do You Remember This Appealing Little Dog?

**Y**ES, we know you do. He is "Our Young Hopeful," by Lucy Dawson, *THE AMERICAN GIRL* frontispiece you liked so much last August. We thought you'd be glad to see "Young Hopeful" again, especially as we have an announcement to make which includes dogs, and cats, and ponies, and birds, and guppies, or what have you.

This announcement is about a new contest in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. The subject is "True Stories of Animal Pets," and the stories should not be shorter than three hundred words, nor longer than five hundred. All entries should be in this office by October 1, 1934. You should write legibly, and on one side of the paper only. If you have a typewriter, use it. Your name, address and age should be written at the top of the first page of your story, which should be addressed to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., % The Animal Pets Contest Editor. Do not roll your manuscript. We'll tell you who the judges are to be in next month's magazine.

**A**LL of you have had animal pets at one time or another—or we hope you have



*Courtesy William Kennedy & Co., New York*

—and we want every girl to tell us a true, interesting story about her favorite pet, something which shows intelligence, or courage, or loving-kindness, or the like. And if you haven't a pet of your own, you may write

about one belonging to some other person. We are saying to ourselves that this contest is going to be a landslide, because everybody enjoys talking or writing about a beloved animal; so put on your thinking cap and set to work.

**W**ELL, we've almost forgotten to mention the prizes. We think you're going to like them, for we've decided to do something brand new. We're going to give as prizes the originals of three illustrations which have appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. A great huge illustration for first prize, a middle-sized illustration for second prize, and a wee small illustration for third prize—just like the Three Bears of nursery days. Then you will have an unusual, interesting picture to frame for your room, or for your Little House. And because it will be an original, nobody else in the world will have one like it.

**T**HE competition is open to every reader of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* who is under eighteen years of age. Don't forget that your manuscript must be here by October first.

## \$5 or \$10 For You and Your Troop

**W**OULD you like to raise \$5 or \$10 or even more for your Troop Treasury?

You can help your Troop have money for new equipment, registrations, good times or other things which you'd like.

You can do this easily and pleasantly just like hundreds of other Girl Scouts did last year. And you'll find it real fun, too.

### HOW TO DO IT

Just show this page to your Girl Scout Leader and ask her to write me for the American Girl-White's Quaint Shop Plan for raising money for Troop Treasuries. I'll send her full details at once and then you and the other girls in your Troop can work out your plans together. Be sure to ask your Leader to write TODAY to

JAMES S. WHITE, JR.

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130 Union Avenue  
Westfield, Mass.

## Five Oregon Scouts Go Climbing

(Continued from page 39)

the scene below. Lunch, after our long struggle to the summit, was most welcome.

All eastern Oregon seemed to be at our feet. Far beyond the slender line to the north which marked the gorge of the Columbia, we could see the mountains of Washington—Mount Adams, Mount Saint Helens, even Mount Rainier. Closer, to the north, were Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, Mount Washington; and seemingly almost within reach, separated from us only by steep slopes and intervening glaciers, were the Middle and North Sisters. To the southeast, just across Sparks Lake, was the Bachelor, a lonely lava-cone belonging to the Sisters group. In the distance were Diamond Peak, Mount Thielsen, the mountains around Crater Lake, Mount McLaughlin; and three hundred miles away, in California, we fancied we saw Mount Shasta. Below us, to the west, were the forested valleys of western Oregon. Closer by were peaks inferior to the Sisters but still outstanding, among which were the Husband, the Wife, and, off to the northwest, the cinder-cone called Little Brother. Scattered among the forests and mountains were gleams and patches of silver, representing the dozens of large lakes, and hundreds of smaller ones which fill the region. An hour of enjoying this scene passed in no time.

Descending a mountain is quite a different story from climbing it, especially a mountain of loose cinders. We alternately stepped and slid, and, except where it was necessary for safety's sake to go with special caution, we made rapid time.

Before dark, we arrived back at camp hungry, tired, and a little footsore, but

happy. Dinner never tasted better, nor did beds on the ground seem more comfortable. And when the coyotes across the creek sang their daybreak song, we all turned over for a fresh nap.

The day was still young when we started for Willamette Pass, where we planned to cross again to the western slopes. Devil's Lake, and Elk Lake, were soon passed, as were also Lava Lake and Little Lava Lake. Here we met the famous Deschutes River at its source. Farther south we came to Cultus Lake, and Little Cultus. Thence on to Odell Lake, one of the largest and most beautiful sheets of water in the mountains. There, in twilight, we made camp. Dinner by the light of the camp fire, and slumber to the sound of the lapping water—our last and happiest evening of the trip.

Next morning we were up and on our way, leaving the lake and climbing over the ridge to Crescent Lake. Here we found a lovely pumice-sand beach where we swam in the bright morning sun. Then, joining the Willamette road, we started across the pass. Just at the crest we stopped at Summit Lake, a beautiful, many-armed lake set among the rocky forests of the mountains. A noon-day dip in this, and then down the hair-raising mountain grades to the middle fork of the Willamette which we followed all through the afternoon, stopping only for lunch at one of the beautiful camps provided by the Forest Service. Here, other provisions running a little low, Girl Scout cooks demonstrated their skill with "doughy-twisters."

By late afternoon, we had reached Oakridge. From there on, the Willamette highway is completed, and a short two hours later we were home.



# Here Comes the Bride!

● "Mercy!" said Joan, flourishing her bouquet of bronze chrysanthemums, "I'm as nervous as if I were the bride myself. I bet I fall right down on my face as we go up the aisle. I *know* I will, if the people screw around and look at us as we come in, the way they do sometimes."

"I'm jittery myself," confessed Jean, another bridesmaid. "Let's talk about something to get our minds off, until they call us. How about the September *AMERICAN GIRL*?"

"Good idea," agreed Joan. "That dancing article by Arthur Murray was great. There'll be dancing at the reception, and some of his hints may come in handy."

"There you go again! Don't you dare say another word about

the wedding until Evelyn and Cousin Bob are pronounced man and wife," said Jean firmly. "That was a swell article by Esther Price—the one about Eva Le Gallienne, I mean. She's my favorite actress."

● "I wonder if Miss Le Gallienne ever had stage fright!"

"Snap out of it, Jo," cried her friend. "Did you read the new Ellis Parker Butler story?"

● "Uh-huh. I doted on it. And *Happy Birthday—from Ellen!* is delicious. Don't you love the way Charles G. Muller makes his characters talk? Sort of crisp—like this yellow organdie bridesmaid's dress."

"Couldn't keep you off the wedding for more than a split second, even if I muzzled you!" Suddenly Jean sprang up. "They're calling us! Where's my hat? Oh, Jo, isn't a wedding fun?"



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